The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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SILENT MUSIC.

Melodious silence reigns from hill to hill,
For there may be sweet music without sound.
The wistful autumn, gold-and-russet gowned,
Both all our souls with rhythmic feeling fill;
On winter days, when all is bleak and chill,
And each bare limb is with a snow ridge crowned—
In that white prospect melodies abound—
Strains we hear not, but which our senses thrill;
On still, spring days, when the buds bedeck the trees,
And bright green leaves shine through a blossom storm,
And in the listless, dreamy, summer days,
Nature is rich with silent harmonies.
Beauty is music in whatever shape,
It smiles on us in nature's mystic ways.

—*R. K. Munkittrick, in Good Cheer.*

A LITTLE FAMILY AFFAIR.

When Eden was electrified by the appearance upon walls and fences of a placard announcing that the "Cecilia Club" would give a concert at Haverford (six miles away), and Saul Kittredge was the "basso profondo."

West Eden was far, very far, from the madding crowd, and the entertainments that came within its range were wont to be of the burnt cork variety. They savored of the ungodly, and of very humble social sphere. And Saul was Deacon Kittredge's only son, and had been expected to follow in his father's footsteps—to be a deacon of the church, president of the Eden bank, postmaster of West Eden (the postmastership had descended to the deacon from his father and grandfather undisturbed by political changes, and the deacon regarded it as a respectable heirloom) and for a wife he was to take to himself Mary Willett, the minister's daughter.

All these plans were waiting for the baby Saul when he opened his astonished blinking black eyes upon the troublesome world. Alas! Almost from the day of their opening the black eyes took quite different views of life. Before their owner was five he had set little Mary Willett down hard in a mud pie, and run off to play with the disreputable children on "the Flats."

"He's alwers been walkin' the downward path," said Deacon Peters (of the other church) as he stopped for a friendly chat at the undertaker's door on the day when the placards appeared. "To think of his thrashin' the schoolmaster who was discip'in' Tildy Slocomb, one of them Flats children, and then runnin' away with a circus when he wa'n't but sixteen! And then he left college against his father's will and the first thing they knew he was playactin' in a theatre! And he's courtin' Tildy Slocomb, and means to marry her. They say he promised his mother he'd give up the playactin', *but I don't know but this is jest as bad.* His father has cast him off and forbid him the house, but he's terribly broke down by it. Well, he's been a prosperous man, Deacon Kittredge has, and you can't expect to fly in the face of Proverdance every way."

"Saul wa'n't never what you could call godly given," said Job Fisher, the undertaker, a fat and jovial man, who was at work upon a willow baby carriage, cradles and baby carriages being cheerfully mingled with the legitimate products of his craft all over his shop. "But he always seemed to me like a skittish colt; there wa'n't nothin' really wicked about him."

"I'm afraid Saul never had any realizin' sense of solum things," said the deacon. "But there is Deacon Kittredge readin' one of the bills; it is certainly a time to offer Christian sympathy."

"It aint playactin'," said the undertaker to himself as the deacon departed, "if basso profundo does sound like swearing', and somehow puts you in mind of the bad place; and if nobody else don't, Maria an' I'll go over to hear Saul sing."

When Deacon Kittredge saw the deacon of the other church coming toward him he hurried away. "I can't talk about it—no, I can't never talk about it to anybody but the Lord and Laviny," he murmured to himself.

The postoffice was an excresence upon the side of the large low farmhouse which Deacon Kittredge's grandfather had built; an ornamental excrescence, for West Eden was not, after all, so far from the madding crowd but that hints of the new styles of architecture reached it, and the postoffice was an aspiring work box bedaubed with fiendish reds and yellows, of which the solid, respectable old house looked thoroughly ashamed. The family sitting-room had been the postoffice, and the new postoffice opened out of it; otherwise she should have died of homesickness after it was built, Mrs. Kittredge declared.

Mrs. Kittredge had become lame by reason of chronic rheumatism, and was unable to get about much, and if it had not been for the postoffice she couldn't, as she often declared, have "kept up so with what was goin' on."

She knew whom everybody's letters were from; she sometimes waked the deacon in the dead of night with shrewd guesses as to their contents; and, nevertheless, she had hailed with delight the advent of postal cards.

Of late the deacon had been pondering deeply the reasons why such a judgment should have come upon him in the person of his only son, and the suspicion had struck him like a sudden blow that Laviny was "light-minded."

She certainly had not seemed so in her youth; she had been reckoned a most discreet and proper wife for an incipient deacon. Her love of gossip had been latent until she had passed middle age, but he could see that it now increased constantly.

And it was not the gossip alone. He had lately found under the cushion of her chair, in a search for *Zion's Messenger*, a paper-covered book with the astonishing title: "The Stolen Bride, or The Mystery of the Moat."

Laviny was light-minded.

But Laviny was the wife of his bosom; he hurried home to consult with her about this new trouble that had fallen upon them.

He found her perched upon the high stool behind the rows of pigeon-holes in the postoffice scrutinizing through her glasses the superscription of a letter.

"Nehemiah, Tildy Slocomb has got a letter, and it's a man's writing, but I don't think it's Saul's. The postmark beats me."

"I hear that she has gone to Eden to work in a milliner's shop since her father died," said the deacon. "We must send the letter over."

"Now, it's queer I didn't know she'd gone. Folks won't take the trouble to tell a poor lame old woman what's goin' on, said Mrs. Kittridge, plaintively. "And they won't send postal cards; there ain't half so many goin' between here and Eden as there use'd to be."

The deacon looked up quickly from the bowed position in which he had sat down. He had observed that; he had also overheard whispers which led him to think that his wife's curiosity about the mails was causing dissatisfaction in the town. Was disgrace in another shape coming upon him in his old age—upon him who had led so upright, so blameless a life?

But no; he only imagined that because trouble had disturbed his nerves; nobody could suspect Laviny of anything really dishonorable, and surely they could bear with her harmless curiosity and gossip.

"Laviny, Saul has joined a concert troupe. They are going to sing in Haverford to-morrow night; the bills are posted all over town with 'Saul Kittredge, basso profondo,' on them."

Mrs. Kittredge got down painfully from the high stool—a little withered old lady, but with hair that was still flaxen and childish blue eyes. "Oh, Nehemiah, our Saul!" she said, with a gasp, stretching her little trembling hands out toward him. "But maybe it ain't so bad. Don't look so, Nehemiah."

Deacon Kittredge groaned. "I don't see why we should have had such a son, Laviny," he said, shaking his gray head heavily. "But there! it's the Lord's judgment on us, and we must bear it."

And the deacon went to his closet, and on his rigid old knees sought to discover the meaning of the Lord's judgment. After supper he wended his way to the weekly prayer meeting. Huldah, the "help," went too, and Mrs. Kittredge was left alone.

As soon as both were gone, and the doors fastened behind them, she went into the postoffice, and took the letter addressed to Tildy Slycomb again from its pigeon-hole—Tildy Slicomb who had come of "shiftless" stock, who wore pink bonnets, and went to dances, and flirted with the stage-driver.

"If it ain't from Saul, I want to know it; and if it is, seems as if I ought to know it. And I never saw a postmark that I couldn't make out before. If there was any postal cards to put my mind on, maybe I could stop, thinkin' about it; or if I knew just how it was about Arvilly Wright's beau jiltin' her, but I can't be took up with that book Miss Skinner] brought me, I feel so wicked readin' it; and it don't pay, for there ain't a word of truth in it. I should like to know who has written to Tildy Slocomb."

She held the letter up between her eyes and the lamp that stood in a bracket on the wall.

"I don't see why Nehemiah was bent on havin' everything so high up here—letter boxes and stools and lamps and all. I'll take the letter out into the sittin'-room. But come to think of it, I should feel kind of awkward hidin' it away, if anybody should happen to come in, and it's warmer and not so lonesome in the kichen."

So in the kitchen Mrs. Kittredge went, with the precious letter hidden under her little worsted cape, although there was nobody to see but Saul's old gray cat, a lineal descendant of the one that had brought up her family in old Mr. Hollis's coffin.

The kitchen was a large one with windows on two sides. Mrs. Kittredge carefully pulled down the curtains of the two windows whose outside blinds were not closed; they were not used to coming down, and made very hard work of it, which seemed to give her a guilty feeling.

The postmark was so blurred that scarcely a letter was distinguishable. She held the letter up before the lamp. Her conscience gave twinges, but one could never discover any secrets in that way—only a stray word here and there. One could not discover anything, alas! in this letter; the envelope was too thick, or the outside of the paper was not written upon.

Was it Saul's writing? The capital letters did not look like his. If she could see only one word of the inside! She turned the letter over. The envelope had not stuck together all the way across; she slid her finger in, not to open it—only enough to see, perchance, a word.

The paper tore—there was a rent an inch long!

She uttered an exclamation of dismay, and looked around her as if there were somebody to see. There was; the blind had been opened, and pressed against the pane was a face.

With a cry of terror she sprang to her feet, dropping the letter on the floor. At the same instant there came a loud knock at the back door, on the other side. It was the deacon's double knock; and with a feeling of relief Mrs. Kittredge hurried, as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her, into the little back entry.

She called feebly, and the deacon's voice answered, but still she had to lean against the wall for a moment before she could find strength to unbolt the door, the face was so startling, and it was so terrible to think that somebody had seen her tampering with the letter!

Her fingers trembled so that the bolt resisted her efforts.

"Good land, Laviny, what is the matter?" her husband called, impatiently.

When at length the door was opened she fell into his arms, gasping, "Oh, Nehemiah, there's a man looking in at the window! It was Providence that sent you home."

"Deacon Stebbins was there to lead, and I heard something that I wanted so much to tell you that I couldn't stay. Never mind about the man—let him look!" The deacon was in astonishingly good spirits. "At that window, was it? Why, the blinds are shut. You've been dreaming, Laviny."

"The blind was open, and there was a man's face pressed against the window—and oh, Nehemiah, the letter is gone!"

"What letter?"

"I brought Tildy Slocomb's letter out here, just to see if I could make out where it came from, and I tore it a little mite, and he saw me, and he's been in and carried it off! No, I haven't put it in my pocket, nor mislaid it anywhere; it's gone!"

The deacon hastened to the wood-shed door; it was open.

"And I turned that button the very first thing after Huldy went out! How could he have got in?" said Mrs. Kittredge.

The deacon bowed his head upon his hands and groaned.

"It couldn't be of any great consequence, Nehemiah, a letter of Tildy Slocomb's," faltered his wife. "You don't think it's goin' to make great trouble?"

"The letter was in our keeping; we must account for it. If nothing was ever said about it, it would be our duty to tell just how it was lost," said the deacon.

"I s'pose you're right," said his wife (as she had said a thousand times since their wedding day); "but it's hard; it will look so much as if I meant to open it! Nehemiah, you don't suppose they'll turn us out?"

The deacon walked the floor with great strides. "We shall have lost people's trust; if I am not turned out, I shall give up the office." He kept back the reproaches that rose to his lips, but he walked into the sitting-room and closed the door behind him. He opened it soon, however, and said, in a gentler tone, "Laviny, I was going to tell you something that I heard about Saul."

The little woman hurried to him, her anxious blue eyes overflowing at the mention of her son's name.

"The minister says that the musical company that Saul belongs to is nothing like a minstrel troop; he says it's respectable. He seemed to think we needn't feel so bad about it."

I can't think of anything but how Saul will feel if we're turned out of the postoffice."

Mrs. Kittredge suddenly broke down completely. "If I'd never touched that letter and could have things as they were, I would be willing to swallow even such a bitter pill as Tildy Slocomb," she sobbed. Then she crept off to bed, and forgot in a few hours' troubled sleep the dismal morrow when all the world would see their fall.

All night long the deacon paced the sitting-room floor. His wife found him there when she came down in the cheerless morning, and they looked in each other's faces in dumb misery, each with the same thought—by this time everybody in West Eden might have heard the story and seen the torn letter.

Huldah came bustling in. "Such doin's!" she exclaimed; "trampin's in the house all night, and tracks all around the house, and nobody come in! And I dreamed of makin' currant jelly that wouldn't jell, and that never failed yet to be a sign of trouble. And why folks should want to stick a letter under the woodshed door, when we've got a whole postoffice to the front one, is more'n I know!"

Mrs. Kittredge's trembling hand snatched the letter which Huldah produced. It might be—no, it was not Tildy Slocomb's letter. It was addressed, in pencil, to Mrs. Kittredge:

"MY DEAR MOTHER: It was I who took the letter. I'm sorry I frightened you. I was sneaking round to get a glimpse of you when father was away, and I knew by your curiosity that the letter was one I had written (a friend directed it for me), and I wanted it back again very much, because—well, I had found out things that made me wish I hadn't written to Tildy Slocomb. I can't write much, because I'm in a hurry to get this back to the place where maybe you'll look for the lost letter, because I'm afraid you may worry about it. But it belonged to me. So it's only a little family affair, and neither Tildy Slocomb nor anybody else need know anything about it. I wish I dared to ask you and father to come over to Haverford and hear me sing. Mr. Willett and Mary are coming.

"Your affectionate son,
"SAUL KITTREDGE."

"Hurry up, Maria! There's another carriageful goin' over to Haverford to hear Saul sing basso profondo," called the jovial undertaker to his wife. "And if it ain't—I'm blessed if it ain't!—the deacon and Mis' Kittredge settin' up as pert as lizards!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Esquimau Endurance.

The amount of cold these northern nomads can endure, borders on the phenomenal, says Lieutenant Schwatka. I have seen the little babies, two and three years old, play, perfectly naked, for hours at a time, on the reindeer robes of the bed in the igloo, the temperature, as I have said, constantly below freezing; and in the fall I have seen them naked, playing and splashing in a pond of water, long needles of ice forming on the quiet places. I saw an Esquimau baby boy taken from its mother's hood, and naked, made to stand on the snow until she found its reindeer skin clothing, from the sledge, a fairly strong wind, sufficient to drift the loose snow along with it, blowing at the time, the themometer minus thirty-eight degrees, the only protection it had being behind a sledge loaded about three feet high, around and over which the wind poured. Its exposure thus was a good minute, and to appreciate this, one must take a watch in his hand and see that length of time drag by, a time that a not unconscientious but sensational writer might readily jot down as five or ten minutes. And I have known a naked man, surprised asleep in his igloo by a polar bear, hastily grasp a gun and pursue his enemy 200 or 300 yards in the snow, the thermometer fifteen to twenty degrees below zero, and slay him. These Esquimaux rub slushy snow, dipped in water, on the bottom of the runners of their sledges, with the open palms of the hands, until it freezes into solid ice, the thermometer being from zero to seventy degrees below, when I have known it to be done. I have seen an Esquimau traveler throw himself on the snow and rest comfortably for half an hour, the thermometer seventy-one degrees below zero, or 103 degrees below freezing, and probably doing some light work with ungloved hands. The Kinnopetoe Esquimaux, who seldom build even the small fires of the native stone lamp in their igloos during the very coldest weather of winter, are probably the hardiest of all these boreal tribes in withstanding low temperatures, and sit around in their cold, cheerless snow houses with only their undergarments on (the Esquimau has two suits of reindeer skins, the outer with the hair turned outward, and the inner with the hair turned toward and resting against the body), their arms withdrawn from their sleeves and resting on their bare bodies across their breasts, chatting all the while pleasantly about various matters, the thermometer often being below zero; in fact, the only warmth the snow house has is that given off by their bodies. I have known one of these Kinnopetoes to take in undressed reindeer hide that had been soaked in water to remove the hair, which was frozen stiff as a plate of boiler iron, put the same against his naked body, and not only hold it there till it was thawed out, but until it was perfectly dry, so as to use it for a drum-head (keelow-tee) in their peculiar savage rites. In fact, I might say that I have been naked myself in a temperature of minus sixty-eight degrees, during the short time it took to undress, roll my reindeer coat in a bundle for a pillow and crawl into my sleeping bag; but my movements partook more of the character of a small boy going to a baseball match than one sawing wood.

Taking morphine leaves, in a short time, the head bare. Many persons are nearly bald from this cause. Morphine also loosens the teeth, so that it as good for the dentists as for the capillary artists.

Candor in an advertisement: "Boarders taken in."

POSTOFFICE PECULATORS.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A VETERAN INSPECTOR.

Thrilling and Sensational Cases—A Truthful Thief whose Sentence was not Carried Out.

Inspector Adsit, of the postoffice department, whose investigation of the mail robberies in this village resulted in the arrest of young Pierce, is one of the most experienced men on the force, where he has been employed many years. There are sixty mail inspectors in all, whose duty it is to "check up" the accounts of postmasters where negligence or crookedness is suspected, and to ferret out embezzlement and thieving. The inspecting of postmasters' accounts is comparatively easy, and young men are assigned to it, as the main qualification necessary is an accurate knowledge of bookkeeping. The old hands are employed as detectives, and all the qualities necessary to the spying out of the most intricate cases are required.

Inspector Adsit's many years' experience, if recorded in the plainest, most unimaginative way, would make a volume much more thrilling and sensational than the fanciful detective stories published, while at the same time it would give touches of human nature in its most varied passes. Mr. Adsit, though naturally uncommunicative, is an old newspaper man, and he told one or two of his experiences while enjoying a cigar and waiting for the 11:20 train to his next base of operations in Northern New York.

"About two years ago," he said, "I had a job given me in Michigan which had troubled the department a good deal. They had been losing money from registered letters which must have been taken out by postoffice clerks at Port Huron or just over the line at Sarnia, and I finally traced it to the former place. There was a boy sixteen years old who worked through the night at the office, and I had reason to believe that he took the money. I sent four decoy letters from separate stations, mailed so that they would be sure to pass through his hands on a certain night. In a memorandum book I took a record of the date and number of the bank bills I put in each one, and made the handwriting in no two letters alike. I decided then to watch the postoffice all night to see that no one else went there. The time selected was a bright, moonlight night in September, and, as luck would have it, there had been a series of burglaries there just before, including the blowing up of a couple of safes, so that the police were wide awake. I began on my beat up and down the alley, and soon saw that a country policeman was watching me. It was not very long before he walked up to me and in a very knowing as well as pompous way said: 'Well, where are the rest of your gang? You might as well own up now.' I assured him that I was not a burglar, but was on to watch the postoffice. 'Come, that's too thin,' he said; 'I saw the postmaster himself to night, and he told me to watch the office myself. Come now, g' long with me,' and he started for the station house. If there is anybody in the world I don't give a secret to it's a policeman, for they are sure to tell everything they know. So I tried to evade his attempt to discover why I was there. I argued, threatened, showed him my commission and did everything else, and after working for nearly two hours freed myself by consenting to having a man put on to watch me. And he actually hired a man to watch me on the corner all night! In the morning I went into the postoffice and, finding the suspected clerk, asked him to show his registered letters. I looked them over and picked out the four I had written.

"'Paul,' said I, 'now give me the money.' He got mad and said he had none. I then made him take off his coat and vest, which I searched without success, but found a roll of bills in his trousers. I picked out several, and showing him my memorandum book, made him read and compare the marks on the bills and then on the book for himself. 'You've got me,' and that is all he said. I opened my letters and found that he had taken the money from three, and had put back the bills in the fourth. He did not know that I wrote it, and I asked him why he did not take the $25 in that letter. 'Read it,' he said, pushing it over to me.

"It read as if from a poor boy about the clerk's age, who was returning $25 he had borrowed from a neighbor to help him to a town over the line. It was written to his mother and told in a pitiful way how hard he had worked to save it and how he was saving money for her. The letter had touched him, and he left the money. I could not tell him that the letter was a fancy of mine to test his conscience. And he is the only one I ever arrested whose sentence was not carried out. He had so many manly qualities that the judge held the sentence over him on his good behavior, and the money he didn't steal helped to free him.

"The most of the criminals we find are under thirty years of age, and although there are a great many women in the department, I never knew of but two who were dishonest. You see they are not tempted to spend money as boys and men are. Extravagance has been the cause of the ruin of almost every one I have arrested. I believe it was the same thing that led young Pierce to steal, although this instance is by no means a marked one. He went with the boys who had rich parents and could not afford to keep up with them in style.

"I met with a sad case at Ypsilanti, Mich., a few years ago," continued Mr. Adsit. "The postmaster, who was one of the leading men of the city in social and religious life, was found $2,800 short in his accounts, and I had to fight him for nearly two days to prevent his committing suicide. It was a singular case. He had gone into stock speculation with the cashier of a bank across the street, and turned over nearly all the large money orders he received for the bank to cash, until it held $2,000 dollars worth of them against the postoffice. He failed in his speculations and could not meet the orders. I offered to help him make up the deficiency, and advised him to go to friends to borrow and prevent exposure. He confided his case to one man and becoming discouraged because he refused to advance the money, did not have the face to go elsewhere. The man had lost a leg in the war, was a prominent member of the leading church and was greatly respected in the community, so that when I exposed him at last the public would not believe he could have done wrong. I was denounced for ruining his reputation, and it was not until the bondsmen were called on to make up the deficiency that people began to find out that I had made no mistake. The exposure led to the prompt discharge of the cashier. I have become accustomsd to such abuse, however, and do not mind much about it. One would think that this experience would harden me, but it doesn't I hate to expose a man more than you can realize, and I have more sympathy for human nature the more I know about its failings."

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Sashes are a feature in fall toilets.

Turbans are the correct hat for windy days.

Belts to be fashionable must be very wide.

The Princess of Wales has adopted alpaca.

Children's frocks are made with waists again.

The tailor-made suit is the popular fall frock.

Jackets with hoods are again coming in fashion.

Olive and reseda shades of green are extremely popular.

There is a disposition to restore dressed kid gloves to favor.

Worth, the Parisian dressmaker, loses $40,000 a year through bad debts.

Deep crimson and moss green are frequently combined in sash ribbons.

A woman who smiles at forty is more attractive than one who frowns at twenty.

Mrs. Elizabeth Eaglesford is the first woman admitted to the bar in Indiana.

Forty women law reporters are employed in the city court house in Chicago.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is one of the greatest travelers among women suffragists.

Long redingotes of dark woolen material are lined with bright-colored silk or satin.

Green in various subdued shades are a leading color in fall and early winter fashions.

Braid and fine fancy galloons are in favor, and will probably continue so for another season.

Curled mohair and Astrachan borders appear on wood novelties for fall and early winter wear.

Rusty fireirons may be greatly improved by rubbing over, while hot, with beeswax and lard.

False hair was worn ages ago. It was preached against by the fathers of the church, but to no purpose.

A new insurance company in Hungary pays to its policy-holders from 100 to 500 florins if their wives elope.

Black and white lace scarfs are again in vogue for neck wear, and are tied usually at the side or in the back.

It has been said of England that her three proudest reigns were women's—Elizabeth, Queen Anne, Victoria.

The Japanese government proposes to decorate ladies who have distinguished themselves for the benefit of the country.

Mrs. Isabella Law, an old lady of Pittsburg, says she cooked the dinner for Lafayette when he visited that city in 1825.

Very wide collars of lace or embroidery, worn over ribbon arranged high in the neck, are among the features in fall styles.

A woman made the first orange box used in California, and she now runs a factory which turns out 50,000 of them a year.

A brown canvas costume has the front draped with canvas with red chenille stripes; the sides are finished with revers of the striped canvas.

Miss Madeline A. Garnier, a niece of Joaquin Miller, is translating clerk in the office of the first assistant postmaster-general. She speaks five languages, paints and writes well.

Miss Leona Call has filled a Greek professorship in the Iowa State university so acceptably since her brother's death that it is likely she will be formally elected his successor.

Fancy ribbons of great width covered with flowers, or having alternate stripes of watered silk and faille and etamine, interwoven with metallic thread, have superseded moire antique sashes.

Leghorn hats are trimmed with wide etamine ribbon with a large bow in front, and also with white muslin and apeline, with ostrich tips and clusters of flowers. The brim is usually without facing.

Women at the theatre in Paris use fans in the handle of which there are holes filled with small lenses of the finest crystal. The wearer covers her eyes with the fan, and uses the sticks as an opera glass.

Dressmmaker Worth says that the stories about high-priced dresses are all myths. "You hear," he says, "of dresses that cost $1,500 to $2,000. I venture to say that not four dressmakers in Paris ever made any at such prices.

Plain skirts are in favor, and are likely to remain so, as they are found to be exceedingly convenient and most ecoonomical. Beside, their lightness is a great argument in their favor. That jackets will continue to be short in the basque throughout the autumn is a fair inference to be drawn from the general aspect of the present style. Another point to be noticed is the sensible length of the dress sleeves, which fairly reach to the wrist.

Seasickness.

Seasickness, in the main, is caused by the rapidly-varying pressure of blood on the brain, due to the upward and downward motion of the ship. As the ship descends into the trough of the wave the pressure increases; as she rises to the crest the pressure diminishes, and nausea is the natural and ordinary consequence of a sudden rush of blood from the brain. Great relief may be obtained by lying on the side, with the head resting on the breast and the knees drawn up as near as possible to the chin. In this position the variation in the pressure of blood on the brain is reduced to a minimum, and the stomach and its nerves in a great measure are protected from the vibrations of the ship.

Nine Ways to Commit Suicide.

1. Wear narrow, thin shoes.
2. Wear a 'snug" corset.
3. Sit up in hot, unventilated rooms till midnight.
4. Sleep on feathers in a small, close room.
5. Eat rich food rapidly and at irregular times.
6. Use coffee, tea, spirits, and tobacco.
7. Stuff yourself with cake, confectionery, and sweetmeats, and swallow a few patent medicines to get rid of them.
8. Marry a fashionable wife and live beyond your income.
9. Employ a fashionable and needy doctor to attend you in every slight ailment.—*Dio Lewis's "Nuggets."*

OUR HUMOROUS MELANGE.

A BATCH OF JESTS AND JOKES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

A Prospective Present—His Natural Condition—What He Struck—A Ruined Man, Etc., Etc.

"Is to-day your birthday, Mr. Gingerbread?" asked Johnny of the young man in the parlor.

"No, Johnny. Why do you ask?"

"Sis is going to make you a present. She said so."

"Indeed. What did she say?"

"She said that you'd been coming here long enough, and that she'd give you the mitten to-night."—*New York Sun.*

His Natural Condition.

"Why did you tell Jones I was not injured in the railroad accident yesterday?" said Spook to Babster recently. "I was stunned and rendered insensible, and didn't know anything for over two hours."

"I didn't tell him you were not injured."

"He said you did. What did you tell him?"

"Why I just told him you were in your natural condition all day yesterday."

"What did you mean?"

"Why you just said you didn't know anything for two hours. That's perfectly natural, I'm sure."—*Lynn Union.*

What He Struck.

Three years ago an Ohio man began boring for oil. Plenty of people told him that he wasn't within a hundred miles of the oil belt, but he set up a derrick, and bored and drilled, and hung on. When he got tired of boring in one spot, he tried another, and it was not until October, last year, that he quit for good.

"Well, Uncle John, what have you accomplished with all your boring and drilling?"

"Well," answered the old man, as he crossed his hands on the small of his back, "I've discovered that when you bore a hole through three farms, the end of the drill comes right agin the poorhouse door. I've struck it plumb-center."—*Wall Street News.*

A Ruined Man.

Moseby, who has been away from town some time, returned the other day. Shortly afterward a friend met him and, noticing his seedy and low-spirited appearance, asked:

"Moseby, what's the matter, old fellow?"

"Ruined."

"What?"

"A financial wreck."

"How did it occur?"

"Well, you see I had charge of a bridge not far from here. The owners of the bridge are very particular about receiving every cent that is due them, so they put in one of those registers. It is a sort of fool arrangement, sunk in the foot passage way of the bridge and makes a mark with a clicking punch every time anybody steps on it. Well, everything was all right until the other day. A big Newfoundland dog got on the blamed thing and began to scratch himself, and sir, before I noticed him he had charged me up with two hundred and seventy-five dollars. Yes, I am a ruined man."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Sure of One Thing.

There was a case of assault and battery before one of the justices the other day, and a witness with a black eye, several strips of court plaster across his nose and one ear badly looped over was asked by the defendant's lawyer if he saw Brown strike White.

"Can't say as I did," he replied.

"Did you see the whole affair?"

"Mostly."

"Well, how was it?"

"Well, Smith and me sot on the reaper talkin' evolution. Jones and Green sot on the grass talkin' religion. Brown and White sot by the edge of the straw-stack disputin' on politics. Three or four boys was in the barn gettin' up a dog fight."

"Yes, go on."

"Fust I knowed somebody called somebody else a liar. Next I knowed evolution, religion, politics and fighting dogs was a rolling over each other on the grass, and every man kicking and biting and hitting away fur all he was wuth."

"But did you see Brown strike White?"

"Can't say as I did."

"Did you see White strike Brown?"

"Can't be sure of it. The only thing I am sure of, mister lawyer, is that my old woman came out with a pail of hot water and licked the hull crowd and had over two quarts left fur next time."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Railroad Ananias.

"Guess," said a railroad man recently, "that I've worked aboard the fastest railroad on earth."

"Where?" exclaimed half a dozen bystanders at once.

"Oh! out West," replied the railroad man.

"Yes," he continued, after a pause, "I reckon I've made the fastest run on record. You see it happened some years ago now. The line I worked on was a big gradient for about 200 miles. Well, I wanted to do something big, so I went to the engineer and said, 'Jim, I calculate we've got to slip down this here gradient somewhat lively. S'pose we'll astonish the people 'longside this line.' Jim was game, and worked the steam up to bustin' point. He opened the regulator, and away we slid. The wind went past the cars like a hurricane, and some of the passengers got shaky, and inquired if we were trying to run that train off the end of the line right into the Pacific. I said we were erecting a big record by contract, but they seemed to think we were going in for starting a private cemetery. Well, you wouldn't believe it, but during that rundown we didn't once see the surrounding country. That train went so fast that the telegraph poles near the line seemed closed together, and blocked out all the scenery completely. Solemn fact that! I was there and should know. But that's nothing, bless you! By the time we got to the bottom of the slope there wasn't a rail left on the track. They were all melted up through friction. Of course Jim and me got discharged, and an assessment was made on the shareholders to relay the track, but we didn't care. We had done 200 miles in one hour, six minutes and forty seven seconds, which is pretty steep traveling. The American nation ain't played out yet, you bet." And so saying he departed.—*Texas Siftings.*

Epicures object to spring chickens hatched in incubators and raised by hand. It is alleged that on the artificial diet they lack the flavor of chicks who can pick nice juicy worms and delicately organized bugs out of the dirt which the hen scratches over in the barnyard.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The 37,000 object glass in the great Washington telescope looks like a thin block of black ice, with tiny air bubbles here and there.

A most interesting specimen of a long-haired elephant has been found in the ice at the mouth of the Lena Delta. It is larger and more perfect than any heretofore obtained.

Scientists in Russia are interested in the discovery that extreme cold converts tin into a semi-crystalline mass containing large cavities. In one instance the pipes of a church organ were so altered by cold as to be no longer sonorous.

The "railway regiment" in the German army now contains a balloon detachment provided with military balloons. They are attached by a rope of hemp, in which there is a cable, by means of which an electric light can be produced in the balloon. The meaning of the signals is determined by the length of time during which the balloon is lighted up.

Professor Josef Korosi, the statistician, finds that the rich class averages fifty-two years of life, the middle class averages forty-six years 1.1 months of life, the poor class averages forty-one years seven months of life. From this it is obvious that the possession of wealth, and the resultant exemption from privation, lengthen the average life nearly ten years.

An odd coffee machine has been patented in London. A lamp beneath boils the water for infusion and at the same time roasts the berries, which, as roasted, are automatically emptied into a hopper, and ground by a mill attached. Thus the whole process of roasting the green coffee-berries, grinding and infusing the same is simultaneously performed within about fifteen minutes.

From experiments in tropical Africa Herman Soyaux concludes that agriculture is practicable, the soil—though exhausted in a year by maize and manise—being suitable for the cultivation of coffee, vanilla, India rubber, tobacco, cotton and sugar cane. In the Upper Congo country these plants and many others grow naturally, or are already cultivated.

Professor Milne supposes earth tremors to be "slight vibratory motions produced in the soil by the bending and crackling of rocks, caused by their rise upon the relief of atmospheric pressure." Another investigator thinks that they may be the result of an increased escape of vapor from molten material beneath the crust of the earth consequent upon a relief of external pressure. In other words, these premonitory symptoms are developed when the barometer is low.

Herr Mohs, of the Madgeburg society of German engineers, says the deepest borehole in existence is the one made in searching for coal near the village of Schladebach, on the railway between Corbetha and Leipsic, at the instance of the Prussian mining department. It has been driven by hollow diamond pointed rock drills and water flushing to a depth of 4,559 feet in three and a half years, at an expenditure of $25,000. Its diameter at the bottom is 1872 inches, and at the top eleven inches. The thermometer registered at the bottom 118.4 degrees.

WISE WORDS.

Novelty is the great parent of pleasure.

It is easier to retain health than to regain it.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thoughts.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

A contented mind—heart-sunshine—takes a glory out of gloom, and can turn the most untoward events so that they will prove a faithful spring of unmeasured joy.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearl's slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up into a flower.

In vain they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.

Do not examine too minutely the action of your friends nor the motives which actuated them. If they have acted with a want of delicacy, appear not to understand it; or, what is more simple, think that it was a mistake on their part.

Sailor's Superstitions.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, writing of a voyage on the great lakes, appends this interesting fact:

At supper we spoke again of sailors and their superstitions. The captain said:

"Sailors on the lakes are very superstitious. Lots and lots of 'em would sooner lose a place than sail on Friday. They're awfully afraid of anything that appears the least bit supernatural. Anything in the shape of will-o'-the-wisp or St. Elmo's light will make most of 'em tremble in their shoes. Once I frightened a set of 'em half to death by muffling a lantern to give it a wierd appearance, and then tying it to the yard-arm. Then they are firm believers in the power of certain thing to bring luck or ill-luck, just like old Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' and the albatross. They're particularly timid of red-headed women. I was mate on a boat once on which a red-headed woman took passage, and the sailors complained right off. Once outside everything seemed to go wrong. Finally, we run into a schooner and lost our jib-boom. This was too much. Half the fellows came to the captain and actually asked to be put ashore anywhere in the woods rather than run the risk of a possible loss of life, as they said. They weren't accommodated, of course, but once in port you should have seen those fellows draw their pay and skedaddle. A red-headed captain would either have to use hair-dye or quit the business. Cook, bring me another cup of tea."

A histological laboratory has been established at the central market in Paris for the inspection of meat sold there, and for the determination of the nature of certain maladies detected in animals killed for food.

St. John, N. F., is said to have the largest dock in the world. It is 600 feet long at the top, 558 feet long upon the line of keel blocking and 132 feet wide, and the drift over gate still twenty-five feet at high tide.

SONG FROM "THE MIKADO."

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of social offenders who might well be under ground,
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—
All children who are up in dates and floor you with 'em, flat—
All persons who, in shaking hands, shake hands with you like that—
And all third persons who on spoiling tete-a-tetes insist;
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

Chorus—He's got 'em on the list—he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—
——they'll none of 'em be missed.

There's the midnight serenader and the others of his race
And the piano organist—I've got him on the list!
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face—
They never would be missed—they never would be missed!
Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this and every country but his own;
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And "who doesn't think she waltzes, but would rather like to try;"
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—
I don't think she'd be missed—I'm sure she'd not be missed!

Chorus—He's got her on the list—he's got her on the list;
And I don't think she'll be missed—
I'm sure she'll not be missed!

And that nisi prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
The judicial humorist—I've got him on the list!
All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!
And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,
Such as—what d'ye call him—Thing-'em-Bob, and likewise Never-Mind,
And 'St—'st—'st—and What's-his name, and also You-know-who—
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,
For they'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

Chorus—You may put 'em on the list—you may put 'em on the list;
And they'll none of them be missed—
they'll none of 'em be missed!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Very rash—A boy with measles.

The tooth of time—One extracted on credit.

Established on a sound basis—A brass band.

"The battle is not always to the strong," said the judge, as he awarded the butter premium at a county fair.—*St. Paul Herald.*

The latest craze in fancy note paper is a distressingly bright red tint known as El Mahdi. It is unruled, same as El Mahdi was.—

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1885.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1885.

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The Press entered its thirty-third volume on January 1st, 1884.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1885.

In the course of a publishing experience of over fifty seven years, we have received many kind words from our patrons. A friend who has patronized every paper we have published, and a reader of the PRESS for more than thirty-three years, renewed his subscription a few days since. Another, a widow lady, found among her late husband's papers evidence of his having taken the PRESS over twenty-five years, and renewed the subscription. Another, a gentleman from Stokes, called a few days since, his name being on our subscription list over 33 years. We might go on and count hundreds who have taken the PRESS since its commencement in 1851. We appreciate the kind visits of our friends, and would like to see a great many more call and give us tangible evidence of their friendship.

—Heavy storms in the Northwest last week.

—Gov. Scales has recovered from his recent illness.

—Nelson Stewart and Anderson Davis, colored burglars, were sentenced to be hung at Charlotte.

—The elections in Virginia and New York will be closely contested. Prospect for the Democrats good.

—A U. S. Deputy Marshal and his assistants were killed by moonshiners, in Georgia.

—*Godey's Lady's Book* and the PEOPLE'S PRESS for the year 1886 for $3. Prospectus next week. Subscribe now.

—*Demorest, Peterson, Godey, Harper's Periodicals, Golden Days, Century*, can all be had at reduced rates in club with PEOPLE'S PRESS.

OHIO.—The Republicans, as expected, have made a clean sweep in Ohio, electing the State ticket and the Legislature.

—A meting was held at Stockton, California, at wh ich resolutions were adopted demanding the removal of the Chinese from the city limits.

—The Tar River Baptist Association, at its late session, in the town of Wilson, subscribed $2,000 to the cause of missions.

—The Mt. Airy *News* says: The case of Brower Manufacturing Co. against the Insurance Companies, at Greensboro, was put off again, or rather goes to the Court of Equity.

—Last week the most destructive prairie fires ever known in Texas were raging. About 500,000 acres were burnt over. In some places the cow boys were obliged to ride into the lakes to save themselves.

—The Asheville *Advance* says: About eight miles of track on the Spartanburg & Asheville Railroad are already laid from this place in the direction of Hendersonville, and the work goes bravely on. The missing link will be completed by the first of December.

—The law requiring deeds to be registered by the first of January, 1886, does not mean that those heretofore registered shall be re-registered, but only those that have never been registered shall be registered by the time mentioned. Some people are laboring under the mistake that they are required to have their old deeds re-registered.

DAVIE COUNTY.

From the Times.

RAILROAD MEETING.—As previously announced a railroad meeting was held in the courthouse in Mocksville, on Monday last, which adjourned to the Davie Hotel. A large delegation of Salisbury's representative men were present and co-operated with our citizens.

Discussions as to the best mode of operation, the practicability of cutting loose from the North Carolina Midland were entered into by Messrs. W. B. Clement, Dr. J. W. Wiseman, H. C. Bost and A. H. Boyden.

It was agreed by the incorporators (present) of the Upper Yadkin Railroad to request the incorporators residing in the counties of Rowan, Davie, Yadkin, Wilkes and Surry to meet at South River on Tuesday, November 17th, for the purpose of organizing a railroad company under the name of the Upper Yadkin Railroad Company with all the rights and privileges of said charter.

—The following State cases were disposed of at the recent term of court:

State vs. Ab. Smith and Lee Turner, larceny of water melons, defendants plead guilty. Judgment suspended on Lee Turner (on account of his health) he giving bond for for his good behavior for two years and the payment of cost. Ab Smith two years in the penitentiary.

State vs. Rufus Morrison, assault with intent to rape, guilty, ten years in the penitentiary.

—The grand jury did not find a true bill against little Mary Laird. It will be remembered that she is the child that was accused of burning the smokehouse of a Mr. Foster, last spring, and was taken to Lexington before Judge McKoy, who released her under a bond.

—Mr. F. M. Johnson, of Farmington, reports the largest tobacco of the season The leaves measure 23½ by 34½ and when the stalk is cut and held up it is six feet from the end of the leaves. The tobacco cut from a piece of ground forty steps each way fills a barn.

Hon. James W. Reid.

We cheerfully reproduce the following just tribute from the Leaksville *Echo*. The *Reporter and Post* was one of the first papers in the district to mention Mr. Reid's name in connection with the position he now fills. We believed that in him the people would have a Congressman who would look after their best interests. In this we have not been disappointed. He has proved himself to be both worthy and capable, and at no time has he had a stronger hold upon the confidence and esteem of our people than to-day. We cannot say a word too good in Mr. Reid's behalf. His intellectual endowments by nature are singularly rich. His faithfulness and industry are constant and indefatigable.—To these are added habits of close research, minute and scrupulous accuracy about everything he takes in hand. No man possesses a finer moral nature than Mr. Reid. Sincere and without guile, just and full of charity, he is in the broadest sense that noblest work of God—AN HONEST MAN. The *Echo* says: The career of this gentleman has been remarkable, and his hold upon the affections of the people of Rockingham deeply seated and deserved. After laboring on the farm until half grown, he worked his way through college by tutoring, read law while teaching school, and came back to seek his fortune in his native county. Without the aid of fortune, his abilities soon secured a lucrative practice, that enabled him to rear and educate his peniless brothers and sisters, and obtained for him recognition among the leading members of the bar. In 1874 he was elected county Treasurer, and was continuously elected for ten years without opposition. How well he did his duty can be told by people, teachers, and school committees. No officer was more zealous or efficient, and his fidelity in this subordinate office made him deserving of the higher honors he now wears. As chairman of the Democratic County Executive Committee, the increase of the majority in the county from 350 to nearly 1,000, is largely due to his organizing skill and faithful work. His own majority in Rockingham at the November election was the largest given a candidate by the county since the war for a purely political office. As a lawyer he holds position among the foremost in the most important civil and criminal suits. Distinguished as a speaker while a student, at the bar, on the college rostrum of the State, and even at the State University, where have stood Gaston, Miller, Ransom, and other gifted Carolinians, he has taken rank among the most eminent. Twice elected to Congress in three months, lacking but fifteen votes of carrying every county in his district against a formidable adversary. In the five weeks he served in the House of Representatives, and during the brief interval since, he has been able to accomplish as much for his district as any member from the Senate, and thus early the Durham *Tobacco Plant* nominates him for Governor in 1888. But the best trait of all is that his promotion does not spoil him. As an old neighbor farmer said the other day when he saw Congressman Reid helping his hands build a tobacco barn: "Going to Congress ain't give Jim Reid the big head one bit; he is the same plain clever fellow he always was." Rockingham is proud of her son and his record."

—Four more Mormons of Salt Lake were sentenced to the penitentiary for six months and to pay a fine of $300 each for unlawful cohabitation. They were asked if they had anything to say, but refused to make any pledges. Their friends gathered around with words of cheer, and they went to prison as martyrs.

J. C. Little advertises in the Mormon papers for 400 Mormon families to go to Sonora, Mexico, to colonize. His partner, Sam Brannan, owns an immense tract of land there. The scheme appears to be the furnishing of homes for polygamists. There are prospects of a large hegira this fall to Mexico of such as are in danger of prosecution.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

A Trip to Ashe County.

We had to walk a certain short cut road, over meadows, along small watercourses and through fine large woods, passing about the middle of our march the little town called West Bend. Our road—though not quite easy to find—we happened to know well, for we had travelled it twice before on foot, 2 years ago and 3 years ago. It always affords special pleasure and interest to travel over the same road again after an interval of a year or two. So I remember a certain place—far away from here, in fact a place in the island of Jamaica where I lived for a number of years, a place situated along the Caribbean Sea, which I visited 3 times in succession, each time 2 years after the last visit, and each time in December. The point so specially amusing is this, that the people whom we have seen, forget their visitors while we remember them distinctly. That place in Jamaica, I have in mind, is called Alligator pond—a sort of Bay or Roadstead in the Caribbean Sea, into which here flowed a nice, broad and clear sweet water stream called Alligator River, a river which but a short distance from its outlet flows forth out of the ground in its full breadth, coming evidently from large subterranean reservoirs. Oh! how wonderful and beautiful is not this Earth! But I must not forget my whereabouts. We are more than 1,300 miles from Alligator River—yet we are treading on familiar ground. At a certain point of our road, where it makes a sudden turn to the right, stands a lonely house, round which only dogs and children are always to be seen. 3 years ago, we had tried to ask them about the road, but they ran into the house—and we could of course get no information. Each of the other two times we have passed, they acted just in the same manner, only that now, since they have grown a good deal, they could run all the faster and did even hide under the bed in the house. And now, after we had arrived at our good friend S. Nading's, followed a glorious half day spent on the River and in the River and at the River. Such a day has to serve us for the whole season—for myself it is a veritable panacea. The old fable of the mighty Antaeus, is to myself deeply instructive. He could not be overcome, not even by Hercules—as long as from time to time he could touch with his feet his mother—the earth—drawing from that touch a new supply of strength. So I feel, I can always recruit from the worry and hurry of my daily calling, by coming from time to time in contact with good mother Nature, with her woods and rivers, her creeks, her plains and her mountains—last not least by letting the glorious light and warmth of the Sun, during a day's march stream freely on my whole physical being—for such are the beautiful remedies which the Creator Himself has so abundantly provided for us, his children!

The next day, Wednesday, we started on our further trip in earnest. First, after crossing the Yadkin, we have to wade through deep sand between endless fields of corn. The corn all looks exceedingly well—it stands on land, which like the country of Egypt, is flooded and fertilized every year by the River. The overflowing of the River is, we learn, and it seems quite natural when once we know it, in some parts a great benefit to the land, viz: when the waters leave a deposit. In other parts this overflowing is destructive, viz: when the waters instead of leaving a deposit, wash away the soil. About one mile from the River we come to a country store, which at the same time is the Postoffice—situated in the midst of beautiful oak trees. Here we take a rest—also write and post some postal cards. One of these postal was to go in advance of us, to a place which with our slow marches we expected to reach only in 3 days. As a side piece to the many stories of rapid transmission by mail, in which our advanced age so justly takes its pride, be it stated here, that when after 3 days we did come to the place to which the card had been directed, it had not yet arrived.

A hot and trying piece of way followed; we feel it all the more since soon we are uncertain regarding the road we are to take. Here comes a fork of the road too, but fortunately there is a man near it, scraping the ground. He was an old man, who on our question, where the road to the right would lead to, returned as answer: "To Baltimore." It could hardly be the real Baltimore that he meant; any way, since we wish to go neither to the real Baltimore nor to any other place of the name, the Baltimore road is unheeded, we take a decided turn to our left and find that we are on the right road, namely the one which will take us by way of Wm. Shirmer's and Colbert's store to past Yadkinville. We soon have to pass a large and full creek, the North Branch of Deep Creek—then we venture to take an evident short cut through woods, and in due time rest at Wm. Shirmer's comfortable looking place, sitting on the well and quenching our thirst with excellent water. Colbert's store is soon passed and after awhile a large brick house is reached where we got some dinner. The man owning the house had a very uncommon name, the name of one of the former pupils of Salem Female Academy, about 9 years ago. He could tell of some grim incidents of the late war, of a certain "School house fight" near by, a terribly cruel fight with deserters, which accounts for a number of houses along the road being inhabited by widows. The sun was still high, when we saw at our right some houses among thick trees; this was Yadkinville, which we left at our side, while presently we arrived at the well described large white house of Mr. T. C Hauser, who received us for the night. The owner of the house, an old man, has lately been struck with paralysis, hence he is partly lamed in body, but his mind is wonderfully fresh, strong and energetic. How strangely the trite saying: Meus sana in corpore sano, (a vigorous mind in a vigorous body) is often contradicted by reality. How often do we not see the mind of a dwarf in the body of a giant—(indeed we need only look to our Patagonian brethren for instances)—or a gigantic mind dwelling in a frail exterior. How rarely a master mind supported by a thoroughly healthy physique—on the other hand how many who like St. Paul with the thorn in the flesh, do wonders of strength. I am especially thinking of one certain man, he is at present, the oldest Bishop in our Church—whom to have become intimately acquainted with, I deem, and shall ever deem a high privilege. Since many years he has not known a day of his life without acute suffering, yet he is doing wonders of strength and efficiency in his work—outlasting one generation of younger successors after the other and still keeping abreast of his manifold and trying duties.

[*To be continued.*]

The Courts Under the New Arrangement.

FIRST DISTRICT—JUDGE SHEPHERD.

Currituck—September 7, one week.
Camden—September 14, one week.
Pasquotank—September 21, one week.
Perquimans — September 28, one week.
Chowan—October 5, one week.
Gates—October 12, one week.
Hertford—October 19, one week; December 21, one week.
Washington—October 26, one week; December 14, one week.
Tyrrell—November 2, one week.
Dare—November 9, one week.
Hyde—November 16, one week.
Pamlico—November 23, one week.
Beaufort—November 30, two weeks.

SECOND DISTRICT—JUDGE PHILLIPS.

Craven—November 30, two weeks.
Warren—September 21, two weeks.
Northampton—October 5, two weeks.
Edgecombe—October 19, two weeks.
Bertie—November 2, two weeks.
Halifax—November 16, two weeks.

THIRD DISTRICT—JUDGE CONNOR.

Franklin—August 17, one week; November 16, one week.
Martin—September 7, two weeks; December 7, two weeks, for civil causes and jail cases only.
Pitt—September 21, two weeks.
Greene—October 5, two weeks.
Vance—October 19, two weeks.
Wilson—November 2, two weeks.
Nash—November 23, two weeks.

FOURTH DISTRICT—JUDGE CLARK.

Wake—July 13, two weeks; criminal causes only. August 31, two weeks; civil causes only. September 28, two weeks; criminal. October 26, three weeks; civil causes only.
Wayne—July 27, two weeks civil and criminal. September 14, two weeks; civil and criminal. October 19, one week; civil causes only.
Harnett—August 10, one week; civil and criminal.
Johnston—August 17, two weeks; civil and criminal.

FIFTH DISTRICT—JUDGE GILMER.

Orange—August 10, one week; November 9, one week.
Caswell—August 17, one week; November 16, one week.
Person—August 24, one week; November 23, one week.
Guilford—August 31, two weeks; December 14, two weeks.
Granville—September 14, two weeks; November 30, two weeks.
Alamance—September 28 one week.
Chatham—October 5, two weeks.
Durham—October 19, two weeks

SIXTH DISTRICT—JUDGE MCKOY.

Jones—August 17, one week; November 2, one week.
Lenoir—August 24, two weeks; November 16, two weeks.
Duplin—September 7, one week; November 30, two weeks.
Pender—September 14 one week; for civil cases only.
New Hanover—September 28, two weeks.
Sampson—October 5, two weeks; December 14, one week
Carteret—October 26 one week.
Onslow—November 9, one week.

SEVENTH DISTRICT—JUDGE MCRAE.

Cumberland—July 27, one week; November 9, one week, for criminal causes only; November 16, two weeks, for civil causes.
Columbus—August 3, one week.
Moore—August 17, two weeks; December 7, two weeks.
Robeson—August 31, two weeks; October 12, two weeks.
Anson—September 14, one week, for criminal causes; November 30, one week, for civil causes.
Brunswick—September 21, one week.
Richmond—September 28, two weeks; December 21, one week.
Bladen—October 26, two weeks.

EIGHTH DISTRICT—JUDGE MONTGOMERY.

Iredell—August 10, two weeks; November 9, two weeks.
Rowan—August 24, two weeks; November 23, two weeks.
Davidson—September 7, two weeks; December 7, one week.
Randolph—September 21, two weeks.
Montgomery—October 5, two weeks.
Stanley—November 19, two weeks.
Cabarrus—November 2, one week; for criminal cases and non-jury civil cases.

NINTH DISTRICT—JUDGE GRAVES.

Rockingham—July 27, two weeks; November 9, one week.
Stokes—August 10, two weeks; November 16, one week.
Surry—August 24, two weeks; November 23, one week.
Alleghany—September 7, one week.
Wilkes—September 14, two weeks.
Yadkin—September 28, two weeks.
Davie—October 12, two weeks.
Forsyth—October 26, two weeks.

TENTH DISTRICT—JUDGE AVERY.

Henderson—July 20, three weeks.
Burke—August 10, two weeks.
Ashe—August 24, one week.
Watauga—August 31, one week.
Caldwell—September 7, one week.
Mitchell—September 14, two weeks.
Yancey—September 28, two weeks.
McDowell—October 12, two weeks.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT—JUDGE SHIPP.

Alexander—July 27, one week.
Catawba—August 3, one week.
Cleveland—August 10, two weeks; October 26, one week.
Mecklenburg—August 31, 3 weeks; civil causes only.
Union—September 21, two weeks.
Lincoln—October 5, one week.
Gaston—October 12, two weeks.
Rutherford—November 2, two weeks.
Polk—November 16, one week.

TWELFTH DISTRICT—JUDGE GUDGER.

Madison—August 3, two weeks; November 23, two weeks, civil causes.
Buncombe—August 17, three weeks; December 7, two weeks.
Transylvania—September 7, 1 week.
Haywood—September 14, two weeks.
Jackson—September 28, one week.
Macon—October 5, one week.
Clay—October 12, one week.
Cherokee—October 19, two weeks.
Graham—November 2, one week.
Swain—November 9, one week.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE—A good mare. Enquire of

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

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LOOK OUT.

I am daily receiving my FALL and WINTER GOODS, all of which have ben bought at

EXTREMELY LOW FIGURES.

Large lot CASIMERES, KERSEYS, JEANS, SHIRTINGS, DOMESTIC, CALICO and LADIES DRESS GOODS. Also NOTIONS, ALL WOOL SHAWLS VERY CHEAP. MISSES and CHILDREN'S HOODS.
Large Stock HATS and CAPS, MEN'S and BOYS' BOOTS, MEN'S, LADIES, MISSES, BOYS and CHILDREN'S SHOES,

RED SOLE LEATHER,

SUGAR, COFFEE, NOTIONS, SYRUP, MEAT, LARD, FISH and FANCY GROCERIES. Also DRUGS and SPICES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE.

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PRICE ONLY $2.75 PER SACK.

It is highly recommended for Wheat and Grasses.

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Thanking my friends and customers for their liberal support in past and hope by honest and fair dealings to merit a continuance of your esteemed favors, I am

Very Respectfully

D. S. REID.

Winston, N. C., Sept. 17th, 1885.

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MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, STATIONERY

AND BIRTHDAY AND EASTER CARDS.

L V. & E T BLUM, PROPRIETORS.

NORTH AROLINA, WILKES COUNTY. } In Superior Court.

Milton McNeill and others, against J. P. Gaultney and others. } Petition to sell land for Partition.

To

Wm. Stout and wife Emeline, John Brown and wife Sallie and Bartlett McNeil, Defendants in the above entitled action.

You are hereby required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes County, at his office in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 22nd day of October, 1885, and answer or demur to the complaint of the Plaintiff filed in this action.

This 22nd day of August, 1885. Witness my hand and seal.

I. S. CALL, C. S. C.

John S. Cranor, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Liver, Kidney or Stomach Trouble.

Symptoms: Impure blood, costive bowels, irregular appetite, sour belching, pains in side, back and heart, yellow urine, burning when urinating, clay-colored stools, bad breath, no desire for work, chills, fevers, irritability, whitish tongue, dry cough, dizzy head, with dull pain in back part, loss of memory, foggy sight. For these troubles "SWAYNE'S PILLS" are a sure cure. Box, (30 Pills) by mail, 25 cts., 5 for $1.00. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa Sold by Druggists.

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CROP OF 1884.

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OR MONEY REFUNDED.

MARKET GARDENERS should try these Seeds. PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

Seeds for the Children's Garden at 25 per cent. Discount.

The Choicest and Best Flower Seeds, just imported from Europe.

If you or the children want seeds, please send for my Catalogue for 1885, with directions for cultivating, FREE TO ALL.

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All Throat, Breast, and Lung Affections cured by the old-established "SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY." The first dose gives relief, and a cure speedily follows. 25 cts., or $1.00, at Druggists.

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Send your name and address for the CEDAR COVE NURSERIES CATALOGUE, representing an immense stock of most beautiful

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RICHMOND AND DANVILLE R.

N. C. DIVISION.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Date, May 31, 1885.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Charlotte,	4.50 a m	6.30 p m
" Salisbury,	6.32 a m	7.50 p m
" Lexington,	7.45 a m	8.52 p m
Arrive Greensboro,	8.17 a m	9.18 p m
Leave "	9.35 a m	
Arrive Hillsboro,	11.39 a m	
" Durham,	12.13 p m	
" Raleigh,	1.20 p m	
Leave "	2.28 p m	
Arrive Goldsboro,	4.40 p m	

No. 15—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Greensboro, 10.00 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 6.00 a m
Arrive at Goldsboro, 11.00 a m

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West of Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. Daily. Nos. 51 and 53 connect at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points on Salem Branch.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Date, May 31, 1885.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily.
Leave Goldsboro,	12.35 p m	
Arrive Raleigh,	3.00 p m	
Leave "	5.00 p m	
Arrive Durham,	6.07 p m	
" Hillsboro,	6.47 p m	
" Greensboro,	9.00 p m	
Leave "	11.21 p m	9.36 a m
Arrive Lexington,	12.31 p m	10.40 a m
" Salisbury,	1.05 a m	11.10 a m
" Charlotte,	2.50 a m	12.35 p m

No. 16—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Goldsboro, 7.45 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 11.45 p m
Leave Raleigh, 12.35 a m
Arrive at Greensboro, 8.30 a m

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury for all points on W. N. C. R. R., and at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R., for all points South and Southeast and with A. & C. Air-Line for all points South.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 50—Daily.
Leave Greensboro, 11.35 p m
Arrive Kernersville, 12.39 p m
" Salem, 1.17 p m

No. 52—Daily.
Leave Greensboro, 9.46 a m
Arrive Kernersville, 10.50 a m
" Salem, 11.25 a m

GOING NORTH.

No. 51—Daily.
Leave Salem, 6.55 p m
Arrive Kernersville, 7.30 p m
" Arrive Greensboro, 8.35 p m

No. 53—Daily.
Leave Salem, 6.40 a m
Arrive Kernersville, 6.05 a m
" Greensboro, 8.05 a m

STATE UNIVERSITY R. R.

GOING NORTH.

No. 1—Daily, except Sunday.
Leave Chapel Hill, 10.25 a m
Arrive University, 11.25 p m

No. 3—Daily, except Sunday.
Leave Chapel Hill, 5.00 p m
Arrive University, 6.00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

No. 4—Daily, except Sunday.
Leave University, 6.30 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill, 7.31 p m

No. 2—Daily, except Sunday.
Leave University, 11.54 a m
Arrive Chapel Hill, 12.54 p m

Buffet Sleeping Cars Without Change.

On Trains 50 and 51, between New York and Atlanta, and between Greensboro and Asheville.

Through Pullman Sleepers on Trains 52 and 53, between Washington and Augusta, and Danville and Richmond, and Washington and New Orleans.

Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, for all points South, South-west, West, North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

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University of North Carolina.

Six new Professors have recently been added to the Faculty, making a total of seventeen instructors. All the Courses of Study have been enlarged and strengthened. Postgraduate instruction is offered in every department. The next session begins August 27. Entrance examinations August 27, 28, 29.

For catalogue containing information in regard to tuition, board, terms of admission, &c., apply to

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Wholesale & Retail Merchants,

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Have you examined our stock of Ladies, Misses' and Childrens' Goods since we moved them into a separate store room? If not you are very respectfully invited to call and examine our very large stock and prices. *We intend to make it to the interest of every lady in this country to give us a large share of her trade by giving her good goods, low prices and honest treatment.* Very Respectfully,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

DRESS GOODS.

Black Dress Silks, 90 cts., $1.00, $1.60 and $1.75 per yard, Colored Dress Silks 60 to 80 cents per yard, Trimming Silks in all colors 65 to $2.00 per yard, Black, Navy Blue, Wine Color, Plum, Brown, Garnet, Olive Green and light shade Cashmeres at prices from 25 cents to $1.00 per yard. Black, Brown, Light Blue, Cream, Buff, Pink and colored Nuns' Veiling, Grey checked and other colors, Summer Flannels, Lace Buntings in all colors. Large assortment of plain and fancy Dress Goods, all colors and prices from 6 to 75 cents per yard, Black Alpaca of different grades, Solid Blue, Pink, Cream and Brown Lawn, large stock of figured Lawns, White and Linen Lawns, Cross Barred Muslin, Swiss Muslin, Jaconets, Nainsook, Cream and Pink Mull, Satteens, Chambrays, Ginghams, Zephyr Cloth, Seersuckers, Bonnet Checks in all colors, Dress Linens, White, figured and colored Piquets, Grass Cloths, Prints in great variety, Cambrics, Wigans, Crinoline, Corset Jeans, &c.

Cretonnes, colored and White Canton Flannels, Dress and sack flannels of all colors and grades, Red, White and Grey plain and twilled Flannels. Large stock of dress Linseys and Bellemont Plaids, Table Damask in different colors and Napkins to match, Linen table cloth white and colored and Napkins to match, ready-made table cloths of different sizes. Crash and Towels cheap to very good. Table Oil and shelf cloths. Full assortment plain and figured Counterpanes from 90 cents to $2.50 each. White and Grey Bed Blankets and Bed Quilts from 75 cents to $10.00 per pair. Bleached and Brown Domestics, Bleached and Brown Drills of every description at remarkably low prices, Black, Brown and Blue Velvets, Veiling, Musquito Netting, &c.

Cashmere Shawls, Saratoga Scarfs, Plain and Fancy Shawls of every color and price from 25 cents to $10.00 each, Jerseys plain and braided from $1.25 to $3.00 each, Skirts from 50 cents to $4.00 each, Parasols of latest styles and every color from 30 cents to $5.50 each, great variety of Fans from "give away" to $2.50 each, Canvass and Leather Belts of all colors, Mousquetaire Kid Gloves all colors, also the Foster Lace Kids, Taffeta Jersey, Lisles and Cotton Gloves of every description and price, Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Silk, Lisle, Cotton and Merino Hosiery of every color and at prices from 5 cents to 75 cents per pair, Warner's Health, Cooley's Health, Tampico, Globe, Princess, Cleopatra, Paragon and other brands of Corsets for Ladies and Misses, Linen Ulsters, Gossamers and Hoop Skirt, Gauze and Merino Vests, &c.

Collars, Cuffs, Lace and Silk Ties, Crepe Lisse, Cotton and Silk Bobinets, Combs, Cloth, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Hair Pins and Ornaments, Thimbles, Needles, Spectacles and Cases, Purses, Satchels, Handkerchiefs in great variety, Cotton and Linen Braid, Skirt Braid, Novelty and Feather Braid, Linen and Silk Floss, Hamburg Edgings, Torchon, Oriental, Valenciennes, Spanish, Irish and all over Lace, Insertion, Swiss Embroidery and Everlasting Trimming, Black and colored Silk Fringe, Guimp, Cord Pasamentry, Ribbons and Velvet Trimmings in great variety, large assortment of Buttons, Ball Knitting and Sewing Cotton, Coat's Spool Cotton, Barbour's Linen Thread, Corticelli Silk and Twist, all shades, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Cologne, Perfumery, Hair Oil, Bay Rum, Tooth Powders, Swanns' Down, Cascarilla and hundreds of other articles.

SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Opera Slippers, New Port Ties, Cloth and Foxed Lace and Button Gaiter Shoes, Morocco, Kid, Peb. Goat, Calf, Veal Calf, Pebble, Buff, Wax Kip Bals and other grades both lace and button for Children, Misses' and Ladies from 40 cents to $5.00 per pair.

For style, fit and durability T. Miles' Sons Philadelphia Handmade fine Shoes surpass all others and are for sale only by

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

We have sold thousands and thousands of the celebrated Bay State Shoes and have never heard a word of complaint. Our trade in them increases every month. We carry a very large assortment, and if you want a medium price Shoe they are the Shoes for you to buy. For sale only by HINSHAW & BYNUM.

We buy our Shoes by the package from manufacturers and sell more than any house in this section of the State and will give you as much or more real value for the money than you possible can get elsewhere.

Remember that every pair of T. Miles' Sons and Bay State Branded Shoes are fully warranted to wear well, not to rip and to give satisfaction.

LADIES TRUNKS FROM $2 TO $10 EACH.

All are cordially invited to come and see us.

Very Respectfully,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

July 25th, 1885.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9 Leaves Salem,		6.30 a. m.
" 10 Arrives	"	11.25 a. m.
" 11 Leaves	"	6.55 p. m.
" 12 Arrives	"	1.17 a. m.

—All persons in arrears for the Press will please call and settle.

—Press, self-piler, for sale.

☞ Our subscribers who wish to pay their subscription in GOOD WOOD will please deliver it.

—Salem Female Academy has now 180 pupils.

—Revenue collections for the week ending Oct. 24th, $8,014.26.

—The two fire companies drilled in the Square Friday night.

—Mountain apples are selling in Greensboro at 60 cents a bushel.

—Rev. Mr. Burch will hold divine service at Marvin's Chapel, Friday, Oct. 30.

—Miss Anna Crist has taken charge of a school at Whitaker's Chapel, in Halifax county.

—We learn that T. D. Cooper goes out of the revenue in Winston, and Junius Boyer takes his place.

—Nights and mornings cool and frosty, with pleasant sunny weather during the day. Business improving.

—Our market seems to be well supplied with mountain cabbage, which is selling at 3 cents a pound.

—A large eel got into W. J. Cooper's turbine wheel, at Salem Mill, about 3 feet long and 8 inches round.

—Mrs. Dr. Davis has rented rooms in the Tr. Lineback building, in order to give the children the benefit of our schools.

Mrs. Lizzie Groves and Miss Florence Ormsby, of New York, are here on a visit, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Ormsby.

—C. W. Vogler has purchased the brick building South of the Square, on West street, and will arrange it to let for a dwelling.

—Messrs. A M. Stack and P. A. Snider are now the Editors and Proprietors of the *Twin-City Daily*. Our best wishes attend them.

—Hog cholera is still about. Wm. Peterson lost a fine hog recently. Turpentine externally and internally is recommended.

—A fire originating from a defective flue consumed the dwelling, outhouses and contents, of a Mr. Swim, in Knob township, Yadkin County.

Revised Version of the Bible.

A few copies of Harper & Brothers edition of the Revised Version of the Holy Bible. Cloth, $1.50, Library sheep, $2.00.

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

—A Soap Bubble party will be given in the Orinoco Warehouse on to-morrow evening—Friday, Oct. 30. Proceeds for the benefit of the Missionary fund of the Presbyterian Church.

—Superior Court is in session this week, his Honor Judge Graves presiding in his usual acceptable manner. No business of general interest when we go to press Wednesday evening.

N. W. N. C. Guide Book.

An illustrated edition of this popular pamphlet has just been issued. An appendix notices the late improvements in Salem and Winston. Price 25 cents.

—The pupils of Salem Female Academy held their Autumn picnic on Tuesday last, in the woods near the Water-works. The day was fine and all enjoyed themselves, as the lusty cheering indicated on their return in the evening.

LARGE SWEET POTATOES.—J. P. Charles, who lost an arm recently, was in town last week looking well. He exhibited a mammoth sweet potato weighing 11 pounds, and presented us with a fine specimen weighing six pounds. His whole crop was unusually large.

—Mr. Rowan Miller of the firm of Miller & Spaugh, had his right hand painfully bruised last Tuesday by a block of wood thrown from a saw in their plaining mills. A few days later a belt caught his hat and tore it into shreds, lacerating one ear severely and narrowly escaping with his life.—*Sentinel.*

DEATH OF BISHOP H. A SHULTZ.—Bishop Shultz, died in Bethlehem, Pa., on 22nd inst., in the 80th year of his age. He was years ago a resident of this place, his first ministerial charge being Friedberg. He was pastor of Salem Congregation for a number of years. He also had charge of Moravian churches in Philadelphia, Nazareth and Bethlehem, Pa. For the last few years he lived in retirement at Bethlehem, Pa. He was energetic in his duties and was greatly beloved by his church members.

—Three lots in Winston for sale Enquire of

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

—Partridges are plenty this fall.

—Mack Hiatt, of Davidson, lost a barn full of tobacco by fire, a few days ago.

—Levi Swaim will gather about 300 bushels of corn, on about 9 acres of ground.

—Wm. Clinard, of Abbott's Creek Township, this county, had a tobacco barn burned lately.

--Washington Wilson raised 30 bushels of sweet potatoes on 9 rows about 30 yards long.

—Snow birds have made their appearance. This is one more sign of approaching cold weather.

—Bad colds are very common just now, change of weather seems to be the cause of it.

—David Jones thinks there will be a good wheat crop, because, he says, leaves have turned to a beautiful yellow color.

—We know of a little grass that was mowed this week. It did not require much curing for the frost had taken the sap out of it a week ago.

—Samuel Yokely, Sr., of Davidson county, fell down some time ago and hurt one of his ankles very badly, but is getting better now.

— Mr. Fowler who lives near Thomasville, raised two pumpkins that weighed a little over 120 pounds, on an average. He had a large crop of pumpkins.

—Mr. L. Conrad, of Davidson county, made 26 gallons of molasses out of the cane which grew on one twelfth of an acre of ground.

—Alexander Swicegood, of Davidson county, lost a barn of tobacco by fire.

—Rabbits are plenty this fall, and boys are already practicing their hounds on the chase.

—According to advertisement the lands of the late C. F. Whitley, of Davidson county, will be sold on Saturday, the 7th day of November.

—Jay birds have made their appearance, and we heard one man say that he thinks there is cold weather coming on behind them.

—B. F. and Andrew Beckerdite bought $76 worth of fertilizer, and used it on their wheat this year. It pays them to use it, as they always follow it with clover.

—David Jones is now making tobacco hogshead hoops. He makes a good hoop, and receives $3.50 a hundred for them.

—The rattle of falling acorns can be heard on all sides, while traveling through the woods now; and people look on those which fall where they cannot be pastured by hogs, with a feeling of regret.

—The rain of last week put farmers back nearly a week, about sowing wheat. The ground was too wet from Tuesday until the end of the week

—Mr. Elijah Moore, of Davidson county, put all of his moist tobacco in one barn, and during the process of curing it took fire, and he lost both tobacco and barn.

—There were thirteen barns of tobacco raised on Noah Motsinger's place, in Abbott's Creek Township, in Davidson county this year.

—A Davidson man says he planted a small late roasting-ear patch, and notwithstanding the dry weather this fall, he made enough roasting ears for family use, and sold six dollars worth on the streets in Salem.

—A farmer told us that corn, on Abbott's Creek bottoms which was overflowed during the summer, is not so very good; but that which was above water during these freshets is unusually good.

—Last Thursday Elder Turner preached the funeral sermon of Walter Reece, at Pine Grove, Davidson county. Mr. Reece was an old and respected citizen of Abbott's Creek Township.

—Many farmers are drilling in a good portion of their wheat. Some tell us that they can raise much better wheat by it. They think it insures a better stand, and that it is not so easily affected by freezes, as when sowed broadcast.

—A Mr. Stewart, of upper Forsyth, raised tobacco on 3 acres of ground, and after curing it, he sold his crop on the sticks, without stripping it from the stalk, for $300.

—William Long and wife, of Missouri, are now visiting relatives and friends in Davidson county. Mr. Long went from Davidson county to Missouri, about 14 years ago, and married a daughter of Geo. Murrell, Esq. Mr. Murrell went to Missouri from Davidson many years ago.

—Daniel A. Bray, of Broadbay Township, who lives 7 miles from Salem, owns a mule, and his son has hauled with it during the summer, 128 loads of wood which brought on an average 55 cents a load, making in all $70.40. The mule also did a good deal of work on the farm.

—We hear of some who intend to try experiments in raising wheat on small patches. Some will sow only a half gallon, while others will sow a few bushels, and endeavor to get a high yield from it. As they will take different plans to manage it, their efforts may result in quite a benefit.

—Samuel Yokely, Jr., of Davidson county, planted two rods less than one acre of land in tobacco, and has sold his whole crop at $20 per hundred. He has about 750 pounds. He will receive about $150 for his crop. This shows the advantage of trying to cure up tobacco as bright as it can be done.

—People cannot be too careful in handling poison. One person in Davidson county, after using rat poison until it had done its work, put it aside where nothing could get at it; but after it was forgotten, it was thrown into the yard among some rubbish, and killed several chickens.

—Franklin Stewart has already turned about eight acres of land, for corn for the next year. He thinks it will help the ground to turn under a coat of green weeds. Richard Beeson says he tried the plan one year, and that the weeds rotted before winter, and the ground run together and would bake hard every time he worked it during the summer. He says he does not like to turn too early of a fall.

—Thomasville has a tobacco warehouse in operation. There is a vast amount of tobacco in the vicinity of Thomasville, and it is the intention of enterprising parties to build up a tobacco trade at that place. Being on the railroad and surrounded by excellent tobacco lands, we see no reason why it cannot be done. Laborers can be employed here as cheap as anywhere, and it would put money into circulation and financially build up the community.

—A few weeks ago, Joseph Yokely, Jr., of Abbott's Creek Township, Davidson county, rode his horse to the branch to water him, and in coming back to the barn Mr. Yokely's hat fell off, and when he dismounted to pick it up his horse kicked him on the arm and broke it. His arm is not doing very well just now; it was not set in place and is healing crooked. It was not thought to be so seriously hurt at first.

—Andrew Motsinger, of Davidson county, is a successful potato raiser. He has dug his crop, and has a fine lot of them. He always puts his potatoes in the cellar, just as soon as he digs them, and usually succeeds in saving them. He put away six bushels of beets last week, many of which weighed over five pounds and the largest one weighed over 7 pounds. He has not gathered all of his beet crop.

—Wheat which was sowed early, is coming up nicely, and some are afraid that the fly will get into it, but we heard one man, who always raised as good wheat as any of his neighbors, say that he had rather risk early sowed wheat any year, for he said, if fly injure it in the fall, that which has taken good root will grow up again from the root; but if sowed late and they get into it in the spring, it has but little root to support it and is apt to be a failure.

—We asked one person if he had any news? He answered that every thing in his neighborhood was so quiet that quietude itself was an item of news. Of course he does not live on the Salem and Lexington road, or he would have heard those boys who were on their way home from Winston on last Saturdaynight. They had taken an overdose of spirits, and the noise they made would done credit to a raiding party of cavalry. We heard a man who is no prohibitionist, say he is of the opinion that a little too much brandy has been made this year.

—CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY.—Last Monday many relatives and friends met to celebrate Mrs. Chloe Stewart's birthday. According to the best information that the family have of her age, she is 100 years old. Of her fifteen children eight are still living and she has a number of grand children and great grand children. She has always lived very temperately, being careful as to her diet. She has never wone spectacles, and does a good deal of work yet.

—Your correspondent's little boy, Luther, wants me to tell in your paper, about his encounter with moles. They have been a little troublesome and very cunning, escaping every effort to capture them; but on last Tuesday he discovered one working under the ground, and it was dug out and dispatched. He went a few yards further and found another one, killing the two within less than five minutes. He thinks they were hunting fish worms. Moles are so active in their work, that one can soon make roads all over a garden, but while they destroy vegetables, they also destroy many insects.

—Daniel A. Bray sowed a pint of wheat on a small patch one year and made a half a bushel and two quarts from it; and he sowed this yield the next year, and harvested from it a little over nine bushels. He showed us some of the wheat he raised last year and it is fine considering the bad wheat year. His corn crop was good this year, making a good yield for the amount of ground.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Oct. 24th, 1885:

Ladies.

Miss Mary E. Turry, Milly Ann Spaugh.

Gentlemen.

Mr H. F. Bowles, Mr. Charles B. Blackwood, M. F. Mooney, W. J. Pope, J. C. Whicker.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters. If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

MARRIED.

In Mt. Airy, on the 22nd, EDGAR GILMER to Miss MAUD ARMFIELD.

DIED.

In this place on Sunday last, JAMES SPAINHOWER, aged 21 years, 8 months and 17 days.

—At his residence in Winston, on the night of Thursday, the 22nd inst., of paralysis of the brain, Dr. R. D. HAY, a prominent physician and highly esteemed citizen.

In Broadbay Township, on last Thursday, a year old son of Nancy Ledford.

In Lexington, after a long and severe illness, WALTER C. HARGRAVE, in his 38th year.

After an illness of about 6 weeks, T. H. TOMLINSON, in High Point, at the age of about 27 years.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to the Almighty Disposer of events to remove from our midst our late worthy and esteemed fellow member JAMES SPAINHOUR; WHEREAS, The intimate relations long held by the deceased with the members of this Company, render it proper that we should place upon our record our appreciation of his services as a fireman, and his merits as a man, therefore,

Resolved, That we deplore the loss of JAMES SPAINHOUR with deep feelings of regret, softened only by the confident hope that his spirit is with those who, having fought a good fight here, are enjoying perfect happiness in a better world.

Resolved, That we tender his afflicted relatives our sincere condolence and our earnest sympathy in their affliction at the loss of one who was a good citizen, a devoted fireman and an upright man.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased.

ROUGH & READY FIRE CO.

By

R. J. TESH,
J. E. EBERT, } *Committee.*
B. J. PFOHL.

RE-SALE OF LAND.

BY virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, I will expose to sale at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Saturday. November, 28th, 1885,

the following lots:

Lot No. 2 and No. 3, on the north side of the road in Waughtown.

ALSO 29 ACRES OF LAND,

on the South side of the road.

All of the above property belonging to the estate of George Mock,—a ten per cent. bid having been placed upon them since the last sale.

TERMS.—One-third cash, one-third three months and one-third six months. Bond with security required.

P. W. RAPER, *Adm'r.* of George Mock.

J. C. Buxton, Attorney.
Oct. 27th, 1885.

STILL AHEAD!!!

Our men are now busy making Stove Pipe to fit up in first-class style the

CAR LOAD OF

COOKING AND HEATING

STOVES

JUST RECEIVED.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

A NEW FEATURE!

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can be delivered here at New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore prices. We are always glad to show our stock

OR ORDER GOODS IN OUR LINE.

Roofing, Guttering, Tin Ware, &c., still done with neatness and care. Thanking the public for past patronage,

Respectfully,

GIERSH, SENSEMAN & CO.,
MAIN ST., SALEM, N. C.

North Carolina, } In Superior Court
WILKES COUNTY. } Special Proceeding.

James H. Johnson and wife
D. A. Johnson,
against
Mary Anderson, Wesley A. Anderson and others. } Petition to sell land for Partition.

Wesley A. Anderson, one of the defendants named in the above entitled action, is hereby required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes County, at his office in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 25th day of November, 1885, and answer or demur to the complaint of the Plaintiff filed in the above entitled action.

Witness my hand and seal of said court, at office in Wilkesboro, N. C., Oct. 10, 1885.

I. S. CALL, C. S. C.
By E. O. MASTEN, D. C.
John S. Cranor, Att'y for Pl'ffs.

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SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$1 00 to 1 10
Corn, per bushel,	50 to 60
Oats, " "	00 to 50
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bushel,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 75 to 3 00
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 90
Peas, (white,) " "	1 00 to 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 75
Beans, (white)" "	1 50 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 90
Pork,	7 to 8
Lard,	8 to 7½
Country Meat, (hog round,)	00 to 00
" Hams,	00 to 00
Green Apples, per bushel,	0 00 to 0 00
Eggs,	10 to 00
Butter, per pound,	15 to 25
Tallow, " "	5 to 00
Beeswax, " "	00 to 35
Flax Seed, per bushel,	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bushel,	40 to 50
Potatoes, sweet, " "	50 to 00
Cabbage, per pound,	4 to 0 05
Chickens,	13 to 15
Hay	38 to 50

Winston Tobacco Market

Lugs Common Green,	3 00 to 4 00
" Bright,	7 00 to 8 00
" Good,	8 00 to 10 00
" Fine,	11 00 to 12 00
Fillers, Common,	7 00 to 9 00
" Good,	8 00 to 12 00
" Fine,	10 00 to 15 00
Wrappers, Common,	16 00 to 18 00
" Good,	20 00 to 25 00
" Fine,	28 00 to 30 00
" Fancy,	50 00 to 65 00
Leaf, common,	4 00 to 5 50

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries, pitted,	8 cents
Damson, Plums,	5 cents
Whortleberries,	7 cents
Blackberries,	6 cents
Quarter Apples,	3 cents
Sliced Apples, common,	4 cents
Sliced Apples, bright,	2 cents
Sliced Apples, fancy,	3 cents
Dark Peeled Peaches,	1 cents
Bright " "	4 to 5 cents
Fancy " "	7 cents
Quarter unpeeled,	3 cents
Halves "	4 cents

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M. M. STEIN, Prop'r.

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NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to cut down or remove any trees or wood from our premises in South Fork township without our permission, under penalty of the law.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Forsyth County, N. C., Sept. 18, 1883

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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THE "FIESTA" OF MEXICO.

ONE OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

Singular Customs Among the Poor Classes—Festival Days Given Over to Mirth and Gambling.

The fiesta is a national institution in Mexico, a gala day of which the people never tire, writes a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. Nearly every little town has from one to half a dozen fiestas in a year, and the success of one seems to be in no wise dependent upon the size of the town. No festal day in the States has half the pleasures for the boys that the fiesta has for the full-grown Mexican. The pure white element takes little part in it, except to make money, and the upper class has almost nothing to do with it except to look on for a little while; but for the Indian, the half-breed, and the poorer whites it is nearly all that is worth living for, a thing that takes precedence of all else on earth. Hundreds of miles the Mexican often travels to it, sometimes with his whole family mounted upon donkeys, or in one of the ponderous ox-carts used in the haciendas. For the fiesta the choicest game-cocks are saved; to raise money to gamble with the best pig or goat is sacrificed, and even the family rations, except pepper, may be curtailed. When he reaches town the Mexican camps anywhere in the street or on the sidewalk, as suits him best, and turns his donkey loose to feed on banana skins, orange peel, or the numerous castaway scraps of masticated sugar-cane which here takes the place held by the peanut at the American circus. Some people who have something to sell erect booths of thin cloth or brush, which serve also for saloons and restaurants; and in one of these the whole family lives, eats, and sleeps, including the family dogs, which, of course, go along to the show. Some less fortunate and energetic spread their wares, bottles, or provisions on the ground upon a bit of mat, and sleep at night curled up beside them.

Gambling is ever the principal part of the fiesta. The chicken-fight, the bull-fight, the dance, or the theatre occupy but a small part of the day, and seem mere ripples on a continuous current of gambling. No matter what crowds may gather at the bull-ring, the cheery rattle of the roulette table never slackens, and around the monte game the eager faces still beam unceasingly. Long lines of booths surround the plaza, in which, as well as upon, the ground, every conceivable device for betting is employed, from artistically made machines that cost money down to an octagonal stick with alternate sides of red and green, over which little boys of five years old bet their coppers on the color that will be upward when the stick stops rolling. Outside of these gambling booths are long lines of portable saloons, generally consisting of two or three bottles of mescal or tequila—strong liquors distilled from certain varieties of the Spanish bayonet, yucca, or maguly—with two or three small glasses. These are sometimes mounted on a small stand somtimes kept in a basket, and often spread upon the ground beside some gambling game whose owner cannot afford a booth. The whole may be presided over by some dark-eyed dame, with a sickly-looking infant on her breast or slung in a shawl over her back.

Though the Mexicans are good musicians, they rarely show it upon such occasions unless the brass band plays on the plaza. But this will seldom be the case excepting in the larger cities, whereas the fiesta at its best can be seen only in the country towns. Here the dismal wail of that long-suffering martyr, the violin, the shrieks and groans of a clarionet, and the tingle bang, tingle-tangle-tum of the guitar will be about the only sounds that break the soft murmur of melodious Spanish, or the gay laughter of the jolly beggars at the gaming tables.

Like an old-time English fair, the Mexican fiesta is the occasion when every one who has anything to sell brings it forth. Around the plaza and for a hundred yards or more down the streets that lead to it are lines of mats spread upon the ground, heaped with all sorts of provisions, fruits, candies, pieces of sugar-cane, cakes and toys. Shoes, cotton cloth, pottery, tobacco, peppers, green corn and peanuts may all be for sale in the same heap; and the woman who occupies the square of ground may deal in live chickens, combs, shoestrings, mescal, silver filigree work and old cartridges, no two of which would fit the same weapon. Every one cooks, eats and sleeps beside the stock of goods, and the motley dresses, the motley wares, the curious dishes of food that are ever cooking, and the curious chaffering for wares and interchanges of compliments over a bargain of a few cents in value make a strange scene through which one long may wander with little loss of interest.

Thus the fiesta goes on for two or three days, perhaps, with unabated vigor, the gaming tables crowded nearly all night, the streets and the plaza crowded by day and filled by night with outstretched sleepers. About the fourth day the crowd becomes visibly less. The losers who can no longer borrow, the poor white who has successively staked his saddle, his donkeys, his serape, and his wife's shawl, steal away on foot, along with the peon who has lost his sandals in a wager against a sixpence on the whirl of a hand on a painted dial, and cannot find a taker for the tempting offer of his shirt against a tlact (1½ cents). In a day or two more the fiesta is over by expiration of the orthodox time, and the crowd scatters, each one looking hopefully forward to the next at some other town.

A Wonderful Plague of Rats.

Ahmednugger, in Bombay, is a place famous in the wars between the Nizam and the Mahrattas, and also as the scene of the death of Aurungzeh, the last of the great Mogul rulers. Ahmednugger is a district very irregular in shape lying on the northwestern frontier of the Hyderabad state, and having to its southwest the district of Poonah. It has an area of 6,606 square miles, and population of 751,228.

The district is subject to visitations of famine and other calamities, of which the most striking and singular is the plague of rats. Generally the rainfall in June suffices by filling the holes and fissures in destroying them in large numbers, and in preventing a plague. But when the rain is late or does not come then the number of rats is always excessive. In the last sixty years three have been known as rat years. These were 1826, 1835 and 1879. On the last occasion fields of grain were eaten up in a few hours as if by a fight of locusts.

A reward of one rupee, reduced at a later period to half a rupee, was offered for every hundred dead rats, and it was estimated that not fewer than 1,768,000 rats were killed and paid for. Although the people were the sufferers, popular superstition does not appear to have approved of this slaughter, for reports were spread that the rats were the spirits of those who died in the famine of 1876-7, and the people refused at last to participate in the efforts made for their extermination.

An active trade in seagulls has sprung up along the coast of Long Island. The birds are poisoned by putting arsenic on bits of fish or pork, and shipped to New York, to taxidermists and dealers in fancy feathers. They bring from fifty to seventy-five cents, according to size.

Irregular eating at restaurants is becoming a fruitful source of dyspepsia in our cities, according to an eminent writer on hygiene.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Feeding Values.

Professor Caldwell, of Cornell University, N. Y., has made public the following as the economical value of the several substances below, based upon their several values as flesh-formers and fat-formers, those starred being the result of German analyses. The result obtained from corn-fodder must be taken as implying the whole stalk and beans, since the edible parts, to stock, are well known to be nearly or quite of the value of the best hay. It will be noticed that the Southern cow-pea has a higher theoretical value than any of the other plants named. The table is as follows:

	Muscle-Making elements.	Heat and fat elements.
Clover	11.4	42.1
Timothy	6.4	46.9
Timothy and red top	7.1	46.3
Low meadow hay	7.1	45.8
Hungarian hay	6.9	44.4
Salt marsh hay	4.3	44.7
Corn-fodder, field-cured	5.1	37.2
Buckwheat straw	3.1	34.8
Oat-straw	3.4	39.1
Rye straw	3.0	34.6
*Wheat-straw	2.1	38.7
Cow-pea vines	18.7	45.0
*Potato	2.3	21
*Mangolds	1.1	9.3
*Sugar-beets	1.0	15.5
*Rutabagas	1.3	9.6
*Carrots	1.3	9.9
*Turnips	1.0	6.0
*Parsnips	1.6	9.0
Cotton-seed cake meal	42.5	36.9
Linseed cake meal	34.5	41.0
Linseed cake meal, new process	33.8	41.6

Insects Injurious to the Apple.

In the second annual report of the Massachusetts State Experiment station appears a communication from Professor S. T. Maynard, in which are given the results of observations in regard to plum weevil or curculio, as affecting the apple crop, compared also with the codling moth and the apple maggot. Following are in brief statements made:

"It has been often noticed early in summer, that apples nearly all fall from the trees when quite small. This was especially the case during the past season, and a careful investigation was made to ascertain the cause. A Seek-no-further apple tree, which blossomed abundantly and got an unsually large crop of fruit, was selected. When from one-half to one inch in diameter, the fruit began to drop in large numbers. A large number of these apples were examined, and out of 800 it was found that all but three were punctured by the plum curculio, and in every puncture was found an egg or small larvæ. The worms commonly found in the apple at this time have generally been supposed to be the larvæ of the codling moth, yet in the number examined only four or five of the larvæ of the latter were found.

"The remedies which have been most successfully employed to prevent the injury of the plum crop by these larvæ are two: First, jarring the tree and catching the insects and diseased fruit in a sheet; second, that of planting the trees in poultry yards. The size of apple trees prevents the first remedy being applied, and in place of the second it is suggested that swine be substituted for poultry in apple orchards in sufficient numbers to eat the punctured fruit as soon as it drops.

"The apple crop is also much injured by the larvæ of the codling moth, as well as the apple maggot, as the latter injures the fruit by making burrows in the flesh, many larvæ of maggots often working in the same apple. The eggs are laid by a small fly—somewhat resembling the common house-fly, but not more than one-half its size—through a small opening in the skin of the apple made by its ovipositor. It shows especial liking for the thin skinned, mild, sub-acid or sweet summer or autumn varieties, but also attacks some winter varieties. Its ravages within the past five years have become so extensive in some localities that prompt measures must be taken for its extermination or it may work the total destruction of the apple crop.

"The practice of pasturing swine in the summer is being recommended and adopted by many of our leading farmers and stock breeders, and the orchardist must combine to a certain extent this branch of business with his own if he would be successful, for the destruction of the fruit as it falls from the tree is the only safe and sure remedy now known to prevent injury by these three insects."

How Gilt-Edged Butter is Made.

Orestes Pierce, a widely know breeder of Jerseys and a writer of valuable articles upon the breeding and management of cattle, gives through the *Breeders' Gazette* a description of the method followed on his farm in making and marketing butter. This description is worthy the careful study of all who make butter, and especially of those who, having it in their power to provide the needed appliances for making butter of a very high if not of the very best quality, have no just idea of what is needed. Mr. Pierce says:

Our barn is as warm, comfortable, and clean as it can be made; the food, after much experimentinz, has become clover-hay, sound corn meal and wheat-middlings; the ration per day is twelve pounds of hay, eight pounds of middlings, and four pounds of corn-meal; water, with the chill taken off, ad libitum. This ration gives us the largest yield of butter at smallest cost. We use sawdust and ground plaster for bedding, which keeps the cows and tie-up clean and sweet and does not soil the udders or stick to them.

Milking is done twice each day, the twenty-four hours being divided as nearly as possible into equal periods. Each milker is required to milk rapidly in silence, to strip his cow dry, and to use no violence or harshness. The milk is strained into large cans, which at the close of milking are taken to the dairy; there the milk is again strained into deep-setting cans and set in running spring water at an average temperature of forty-eight degrees; it is skimmed in thirty-six hours, and the cream placed to ripen in a warm place; it is stirred twice a day and its condition judged by eye and taste; when ripe it should be slightly sour, thickened and not sticky when lightly touched with the finger.

Ripe cream is churned in a barrel churn (Stoddard). The churn is first scalded, then rinsed with cold water, then the cream put in and temperature taken. The temperature should be sixty-two degrees in summer and sixty-four degrees in winter; if it varies from this the cream must be heated or cooled until it is right.

We churn slowly at first, stopping frequently to allow the gas to escape; then faster to forty revolutions per minute. As soon as the butter-granules come we add water, revolve a few times and draw off the buttermilk; then add more water and draw off until it runs clear. In drawing off we use a sieve of small meshes, for more or less butter is apt to start out and bother at times; with the sieve it can be caught without trouble or delay. The butter is taken from the churn with a wooden ladle into a wooden bowl, weighed, and placed upon the worker; salt is used at the rate of half an ounce to the pound. The butter is rolled out in a sheet, salt sprinkled over it, the sheet folded up and rolled out; more salt sprinkled on and the process repeated; so on until the salt is all worked in, but with as little working as possible, care being taken to have the salt evenly distributed through the butter.

Next we print the butter into half-pound pats, do each pat up in a separate piece of muslin, then wrap it in waxed paper and put it in a tin box just its size—a box much the size and appearance of a seidlitz powder box. Put the following on top of the butter and put the cover on: "Extra fine Jersey butter."

The package of butter was made at Saddleback farm, East Baldwin, Me. The cream from which it was churned was gathered from the milk of such noted cows as Lass of Scituate (costing $3,000), Nonpareil ($2,950), Minnie of Scituate ($1,000), Beauty of the Grange ($950), and others equally valuable.

The udders of these cows were bathed and dried before being milked. The milk was first strained as it entered the pail, again when poured from the pail to the can, and again when poured into the cans for setting.

The milk was set in cans placed in a well-ventilated tank of ice-cold, running spring water, where it stayed thirty-six hours. It was then skimmed and the cream placed in a warm temperature to ripen for twelve hours.

The cream resulting from such careful process was churned at a temperature of sixty-two degrees.

The butter was worked free of buttermilk, salted one-half ounce to the pound and packed as you now see it.

Quantity, quality, and freshness guaranteed.

The dairy room is finished in polished hard woods; it is only used for butter making; its ventilation and drainage is perfect; no one but the dairymaid is allowed in it; she wears a common white linen suit when at her work.

The dairy utensils are of close grained wood and triple extra tin; they are scalded by steam after thorough washing.

These boxes go to market in carriers holding twenty-four, thirty-two, and forty-eight pounds, which we send by express each night to reach Boston market and breakfast tables the next day. There are many ways of doing the same thing, making butter included; but no one of them will be a success if the chief requisite is wanting. Cleanliness underlies, is level with, and surmounts every step in butter making. Equally in importance is good material to work—much butter is ruined in the cow. One must feed sound, healthy food. The cow must be healthy and in good condition, and her surroundings quiet and comfortable. Any variations in these details works an injury to the product. One unsound cow will injure an entire lot of butter.

Household Hints and Recipes.

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them fading.

To take stains out of mahogany, use spirits of salts, six parts; salt of lemon, one part. Mix them and drop a little on the stains until they disappear.

Hot salt and water is the best thing with which to clean matting. Give it a thick coating af varnish when dry. This will preserve it and improve its looks.

Dough crumpets are Boston favorites, and easily made. A pound of ordinary bread dough, white or brown, needs a half-cupful of white sugar, three ounces of butter, and three eggs, to be beaten hard into it. Bake in muffin rings well buttered.

Don't peel your potatoes and throw away the best part of them, but prepare them nicely "with their coats on," steam them until done, remove their skins with a knife and fork; place in a tureen or platter; spread butter on them quite freely; sprinkle with salt and pepper; set in the oven to melt the butter; then pour over them a liberal quantity of sweat cream; serve immediately.

To make green pea soup, put two quarts green peas with four quarts water, boil two hours, keeping steam waste supplied by fresh boiling water; strain them from liquor, return that to pot, rub peas through sieve, chop an onion fine, add small sprig mint, let boil ten minutes, stir a tablespoonful flour into two of butter, add pepper and salt to taste, stir smoothly into boiling soup.

To corn beef or pork, take one gallon of water, one and a half pounds of salt, a half pound of sugar, and a half ounce of saltpeter. Boil these together until the scum ceases to rise. Skim as the sediment rises to the surface; then take it off and set it away to cool. When cold pour it over the meat. The meat will be sufficiently corned to use in eight or ten days. It may be kept for weeks.

One of the most simple and effectual means for cleaning vessels in which odorous liquids have been kept is to wash them with a mixture of powdered black mustard and warm water. Before using this all visible remains of the former contents should be removed by scalding, scouring, or by agitating shot or pebbles with water in the vessels. Another method is to rinse them with a solution of permanganate of potassium, accompanied or followed by diluted sulphuric acid. In many cases a solution of chlorinated lime or chlorinated soda will answer the same purpose.

Cleanlines of Egyptians.

An observing foreigner can detect inconsistencies in every nation he visits, for all nations indulge in that privilege. Matthew Arnold says that an Englishman is not in the least disturbed when anomalies are pointed out in his country's constitution.

The higher and middle class of Egyptian Moslems are scrupulously clean. Their religion compels them to wash themselves frequently, and thereby preserve their health. But the foreigner will see in the streets of Ciaro a richly-dressed, veiled lady, whose person is as clean as frequent and prolonged bathing can make it, leading by the hand a little child with a face besmeared with dirt, and with clothes which look as if they had been worn for months without being washed.

The reason for this strange inconsistency is that an unwashed and shabbily-dressed child is believed to be less liable to the dreaded evil eye.

Another inconsistency is that an Egyptian will go again and again to the bath in the same dirty shirt. He will wash himself thoroughly, will be "shampooed" from head to foot, and then put on that dirty shirt, because his ideas of cleanliness do not extend to his linen.

When the Egyptians have washed their clothes, they pour clean water over them, saying: "There is no God but God; and Mahomet is His prophet."

Prayer is such an important duty for a Mahommedan that it is called "the Key of Paradise:" but he is taught that no prayer will be accepted from a person who is unclean. Therefore he washes himself before praying, clips his nails, and performs similar acts for purifying his body. Not only his body, but the ground and mat upon which he prays, must also be clean. Mahomet was careful to provide his followers with one preventive against disease.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Wonderful Change of Weather.

The Denver *Opinion* recalls to the recollection of its readers an extraordinary storm which once visited that region. It was about the middle of July. A party of herders started out with the stock of the company to which they belonged. Having to cross a river to get to the grazing ground, they halted when about 500 yards distant to refresh themselves, the day being excessively warm. They improvised shelter by hanging blankets over the sage brush and thus protecting themselves from the scorching sun. Instantly, without a moment's warning, a cloud came rapidly from the north, so increasing in size as it progressed that by the time it reached the herders it developed into a most terrific snow storm, equal to anything witnessed in mid-winter. The herders hastened to drive the stock back to the fort, but had great difficulty in finding their way for the darkness. Out of seventy head of horses only ten survived the sudden change in the weather.

The dryest flour contains from six to seven per cent. of water.

FLEET AERIAL CARRIERS.

THE USE OF THE PIGEON AS A SWIFT MESSENGER.

Habits, Nature and Training of the Birds—Pigeon Flying in Ancient and Modern Times.

Pigeon-flying is of such ancient origin that it is hard to say where it began. In Egypt their domestication goes back as far as 3,000 years before Christ, and in a coronation scene of Ramesis III., the king is represented as having assumed the crown of upper and lower Egypt, and a priest lets fly four pigeons, commanding them "to announce to the south, the north, the east and the west that the son of Iris has put on the splendid double-crown of the upper and lower country."

The Romans at one time had the pigeon craze. Pliny says of it: "Many persons are insane in their love of these birds." White ones were the rage if they were good flyers, and that they were highly prized may be judged by the prices which were asked for them. There is one instance where a good price was offered for a fine pair, but the owner refused to take less than 400 denarii for them, a sum equal in our money to about $65. It was their custom to carry pigeons to theatres and when out walking, and throw them into the air, rivals betting heavily on whose bird would get home first.

To become good and reliable they must be taken from the nest as soon as they are able to fly, and carried a short distance away, probably a quarter or a half mile. All those that get home quickly are further trained, and the slow ones are killed. In this way the best are preserved. When they find their way home from short distances they are taken further and further, until they cover any distance within the limit of power. They can fly about thirty miles an hour, but more is sometimes claimed. Instances are known where they have flown 1,000 miles without rest.

As soon as they are throwa into the air, they go to a considerable height, and fly around and around until some familiar landmark is seen, from which they take their course and start in a straight line for home. If no well-known mark can be seen they are lost, and often come back to the starting place. In instances where carriers were let go from balloons and could not find their way, they have returned to the balloon, as the dove did to Noah when it could find no place to rest.

It is through no love of flying or keenness of racing that makes the carrier return to its cote, but its love of home. It is this instinct that makes it fly with untiring wing for hours and hours, to rest at last in familiar places and among friends.

Among the Romans, and the Asiatics before them, it was the custom to tie letters around the leg or foot, and many a letter from distant friend and absent father, or lover, was carried in this way. Travelers going from Rome, in olden times, or soldiers departing for distant wars, frequently carried pigeons, releasing them at intervals, that they might be the bearers of good tidings to the folks at home. Tying the message around the neck or wing had been tried, but both were found to impede the bird's flight. At present, when they are used, the message is tied around the leg, high up, where it does not interfere at all.

In England and France old writers speak of the frequent use of these birds, both for private correspondence as well as public, especially in time of war, when cities were besieged and there were no other available means. At such times the attacking party kept a large stock of falcons, and it was the duty of the falconers to keep a sharp lookout for carrier pigeons. As soon as one would be observed the falcons were let go, and away they rushed in hot pursuit. It is described as intensely interesting to see both pursuer and pursued cleaving the air like arrows; one flying for his game and the other for his life. The falcons frequently proved victorious, and would bring the dead dove back with information of great value.

To circumvent this the besieged sometimes let fly five or six birds at a time, which bore no message, and when the falcons were either engaged with these or too tired to fly fast, another bearing the letter would be let go, and run the gauntlet with ease.

During the siege of Paris this was a very common way of bearing news, and many were the letters which reached outside friends and military leaders far beyond the walls. Sharpshooters were on the lookout for them continually, but as a usual thing were of no avail. It was in this way that much news reached other countries of the condition within the city. The French, not wishing to encumber the pigeons any more than necessary, in order that they might enhance the chances of their getting through all right, made very small micro-photographs of newspapers, letters and military orders, the entire budget weighing but a few grains.

The only use they are put to at present is in flying matches. Birds belonging to different owners are kept long enough in the same dove-cote to conceive an attachment for it, and then taken a long distance away. At this "pigeon meet" books are kept with a description of each bird entered and who it is owned by. The owner's name and the exact moment of flight are stamped quickly upon the vane of one of the wing or tail feathers and the birds sent off. At the other end of the "fly" a committee of judges are stationed to record the incomers. It is usually arranged that the entire distance may be traveled in daylight, as the birds are apt to go astray if allowed to fly by night. Large sums change hands yearly in England and France at the pigeon flys.—*Pittsburg (Penn.) Dispatch.*

[Carrier pigeons were used with considerable success by a New York daily paper in carrying dispatches from vessels that were watching the great ocean yacht race between the Puritan and the Genesta. The pigeons were liberated from the vessels during the progress of the race, and carried dispatches in time for publication in afternoon editions of the paper.—ED.]

Thoroughly Done.

The Hon. Josiah Quincy was at one time conversing with Daniel Webster upon the importance of doing even the smallest thing thoroughly and well, when the great man related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer in Portsmouth. The fee promised was only $20. Yet, to do his client full justice, Webster found he must journey to Boston and consult the law library. This involved an expense of above the amount of his fee, but after hesitating a little, he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might. He gained the case.

Years after this Webster was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

"It is preposterous," said he, "to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice."

But when they insisted that he should look at the papers, he consented. It was his old twenty-dollar case over again, and having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and won the suit. The court knew he had no time for preparation, and were astonished at the skill with which he handled the case.

"So you see," said Webster, as he concluded, "I was handsomely paid, both in fame and money, for that journey to Boston;" and the moral is that good work is rewarded in the end.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A Southern negro won't eat a black sheep under any circumstances.

A good-sized dog requires more food to keep him in order than a six-year-old boy or girl.

It is said that no two locomotive bells sound alike, though they are cast from the same metal in the same mold.

A set of buttons made from the finger nails of a human being adorns the shirt front and cuffs of a San Francisco man.

In France, as well as in Italy, Mary is frequently added to a distinctively masculine name as a remembrance of the Virgin. Thus Hugo was Victor Marie, and the late pope was Giovanni Maria.

A silver dollar weighs very nearly an ounce. Hence any letter not heavier than a dollar can go for a single two-cent stamp. A five-cent piece added will give the ounce. If you have not the silver dollar, five nickles and a small copper cent will give an ounce.

The Indians of Mexico have a plan of wetting their blankets to form them into shields in warfare. They are hand-woven, and fulled until thick and water-proof. It is found that they even turn aside bullets, either by causing them to glance, or by swaying to the blow, and thus defeating the penetrative force of the missile.

The story is circumstantially told by the London *Times* that a certain baronet, watching to catch the thief who nightly stole eggs from his pantry, saw rats removing them by an ingenious process. One rat clasped an egg with all his legs, turned on his back, and was drawn off with his load by his companions, who held his tail between their teeth as a tug rope.

When one ear is deaf it is almost uniformally the left. An immense number of persons rely upon the right to do duty for the two. Persons who have been deprived of the hearing of the left ear for a length of time can usually hear sounds at a distance better than those whose hearing is divided between two ears, because the single ear has been trained to an unusual sharpness.

A singular library existed in 1535 at Warrenstein, near Cassel. The books composing it, or rather the substitutes for them, were made of wood, and every one of them was a speciman of a different tree. The back was formed of its bark, and the sides were constructed of polished pieces of the same stock. When put together the whole formed a box, and inside of it were stored the fruit, seed and leaves, together with the moss which grew on its trunk and the insects which fed upon the tree. Every volume corresponded in size.

HEALTH HINTS.

Drinking water, says a hygienic writer, may be tested in this simple way: "Fill a pint bottle three-quarters full of the water. Dissolve in it one half teaspoonful of the best white sugar. Set it away in a warm place for forty-eight hours. If the water becomes cloudy it is unfit to drink."

It is far safer to rest for a few minutes or an hour, if need be, than to take ardent spirits, tea, coffee, or any stimulant to give you such an artificial strength—or activity, rather that you may be able to go on with your work, soon to be successful by a reaction, a permanent loss of power if not sickness.

Seasickness is an affection of the brain. You may take twenty doses to settle your stomach; it won't settle; but five minutes' sleep will settle it. The various nostrums provided for the nausea are worthless. The best treatment is simple food, free from grease, a little lemonade, and lying on deck flat on your back. The only cure is time.

For hiccough moisten granulated sugar with good vinegar. Of this give to an infant from a few grains to a teaspoonful. The effect is almost instantaneous and the dose seldom needs to be repeated. This, according to an exchange, has been tried for all ages, from infants a month old to those on the down-hill side of life, and has never been known to fail.

If you are bitten by a mad dog, says Dio Lewis, instantly press the bitten part with your hand as hard as possible. This will arrest circulation and absorption. Cry out for a red-hot iron. Push it into the puncture made by the tooth. This, if thoroughly done, will be sure to destroy the virus. If hydrophobia be developed, a hot vapor-bath is undoubtedly the best remedy.

A Korrohboree in Australia.

After dinner, which was at 6 P. M., we went to see a korrohboree, where the black fellows were encamped at a short distance from the house. There were two tribes of these, and about two hundred of them in all. They were painted with white and black streaks across the face and chest, and got up in correct style with skins and spears and boomerangs, and by the light of the fires which were kindled in a circle around they looked sufficiently hideous.

The tribes danced alternately, and the watchwords of their songs appeared to be half English, half native. A great deal of the action of the dance consisted in striking the ground at the same moment, so as to cause an echoing thud with their feet. One of the repeated actions was to cause the muscles of the leg and thigh to quiver simultaneously from toe to stomach in a most extraordinary manner. At the end of each figure they brought themselves up with a strange, deep-toned sound, half hurrah, half grunt, "Wir—r—r—wuh!"

They would then wheel right across the inclosed space in line, chattering as fast as they could, upon the women who were sitting upon the ground, and also singing a sort of chorus of a few notes; the line would then wheel back, break up in twos and threes, brandishing their short sticks and clubs over their heads, each man vociferating quickly to his mate, then all of a sudden these incoherent sounds would all coalesce together into a chorus, and the band, again united, would cause the ground once more to vibrate to the reiterated cadence of their stamp.—*Princes Edward and George.*

Infant Warriors.

J. H. Dement, of this city, enlisted in Company E, Tenth Illinois cavalry, September 3, 1862, when he was but thirteen years, seven months, and twenty-eight days old. He served as a private through the war, and was mustered out of service at New Orleans, June 6, 1865. The claim has been made that he was the youngest person who enlisted in the Union army, but that is challenged by Alf Wyman Taylor, an actor better known under his stage name—Alf Wyman. "I was born June 7, 1853," said Mr. Taylor, "and I enlisted in Company M, Fourteenth New York cavalry, Captain Schmidt commanding, on May 23, 1863, when I was but nine years, eleven months and fifteen days old. I was then working in H. B. Claflin & Co.'s store, under my uncle, Frank Henriques, now a member of the firm, but then head of the lace department. In the Red River expedition, when but eleven years old I was shot through the right lung and imprisoned at Tyler, Texas. I enlisted in Company G, Eighteenth New York cavalry, Captain Frank G. Yates commanding after my release, and remained in service until I was mustered out at Galveston, Texas, six months after the war. I was in seven active engagements wounded three times by ball and twice by sabre, and captured once." Mr. Taylor has lived in Chicago for eight years.—*Chicago Herald.*

Minnesota, Michigan and Maine have substituted capital punishment for imprisonment for life.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Life is too short for attempts or pretences that end in nothing.

Look after the establishment of a worthy character, and leave its appreciation to others.

Those who think money will do anything may be suspected of doing anything for money.

Never pronounce a man to be wilfully niggard until you have seen the contents of his purse. Distribution should be in accordance with receipts.

Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, and, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really do what we would seem and appear to be.

It is not the lot of men to be perfectly happy in this world; the only thing which remains to us is to make the best of what we receive and obtain, being as comfortable and happy as our circumstances will allow.

He who can wait for what he desires takes the course not to be exceedingly grieved if he fails of it; he, on the contrary, who labors after a thing too impatiently, thinks the success, when it comes, is not a recompense equal to all the pains he has been at about it.

Conceit is like the natural unguent of the sea fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had all his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost all his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

Man's Original Tastes.

Paleolithic man used to eat his brethren; and so used his comparatively highly-civilized successor (we must not say descendant) of the new stone age. In Italy, in the dried-up lakes (terramares), which contain remains of the old stone age, one finds human bones not gnawed only, but broken for the sake of the marrow—treated just like the beasts' bones among which they lie. In France it is the same; experts say they can tell the difference between the marks of a rat's or tiger's tooth and that of a man, and no animal has ever got so far as breaking the bones that it mumbles. In our British barrows there is not the slightest doubt, from the arrangement of the remains, that, when a chief was buried, not only were his slaves killed and buried with him, but their bodies first furnished out the funeral feast. The horrible old Hellenic myths, such as Tantalus cooking his son Pelops as a meal for gods, and Atreus dishing up his brother Thyeste's children and asking him to dine off them, are survivals of a time when the man-cooking oven was as much an institution in Greece as it was the other day in New Zealand or in Fiji. Dog does not eat dog; very few animals will devour their own kind, unless, like sows or rabbits, they do it under the influence of terror; but man in this, as in some other matters of conduct, soon got below the brutes, even if he was not a cannibal at the outset.—*All the Year Round.*

In the Forest City.

Mr. G. E. Bryan, No. 151 Putnam street, Cleveland, Ohio, has naturally much experience in sickness—with a family of sezen children, and his doctors' and druggists' bills are heavy. He states publicly that he has given Red Star Cough Cure a thorough trial in his home, and finds it to be the best remedy that he has ever used for coughs or colds. It contains neither morphia nor opium, and therefore leaves no depressing effects.

India produces the latest wonder in the person of a thirteen-year-old lad who has one head and two bodies.

ONE OF THE MOST MELANCHOLY SPECTACLES in the world is a human being shattered and broken down by the use of ardent spirits. But the dilapidation may be repaired, the human ruin strengthened and restored to perfect soundness by a course of that most powerful of all invigorants, DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

It is not generally known in this country that the London police have not the right to vote.

A highly perfumed Soap will not heal or cure skin diseases, neither will it beautify and soften face and hands; try "Beeson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap." 25 cents by Druggists, or by mail. Wm. Dreydoppel, Phila., Pa.

Those sharp pains in the small of the back and around the hips will quickly go after you apply a *Hop Plaster*. Ladies, attention. 25c.

LYON'S PATENT Metallic Stiffeners prevents boots and shoes from running over, ripping in the seams or wearing unevenly on the heels.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef cattle, good to prime			38
Calves, com'n to prime veals	9¼	@	10
Sheep	3	@	6¾
Lambs	4	@	4½
Hogs—Live	4	@	6¼
Dressed, city	4¾	@	5
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	5¾	@	6¼
West. good to choice	3 85	@	4 75
Wheat—No. 2, Red	4 00	@	5 75
Rye—State	95	@	95¼
Barley—Four-rowed State	60	@	64
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed		@	85
Oats—White State	47¾	@	49¼
Mixed Western	36	@	40
Hay—Med. to pr. Timothy	28½	@	32
Straw—No. 1, Rye	80	@	95
Lard—City Steam	70	@	75
Butter—State Creamery	6 35	@	6 50
Dairy	22	@	23
West. Im. Creamery	16	@	21
Factory	15	@	18
Cheese—State Factory	6	@	13
Skims	6	@	8¼
Western	5	@	6
Eggs—State and Penn	4½	@	7½
	19½	@	20
BUFFALO.			
Sheep—Good to Choice	3 25	@	3 65
Lambs—Western	4 00	@	5 40
Steers—Western	4 50	@	5 00
Hogs—Good to Choice Yorks	4 55	@	4 65
Flour—Cy ground n. process	5 25	@	6 50
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 01¾	@	
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New		@	49¾
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	40	@	
Barley—Two-rowed State		@	
BOSTON.			
Beef—Ex. plate and family	11 00	@	11 50
Hogs—Live	4¾	@	5
Dressed	5¾	@	5¾
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	9 50	@	10 00
Flour—Winter Wheat pat's	5 15	@	5 25
Corn—High Mixed	54	@	54½
Oats—Extra White	37	@	38
Rye—State	70	@	75
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Extra quality	6 00	@	6 37½
Sheep—Live weight	3½	@	4½
Lambs	5¼	@	5¾
Hogs—Northern, d. w	5	@	5¼
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	4 00	@	4 25
Wheat—No. 2, Red	90¾	@	90¾
Rye—State		@	75
Corn—State Yellow	52	@	53
Oats—Mixed	40	@	41
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	20	@	22
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	11¾	@	14

RED STAR
TRADE RED STAR MARK
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE
For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.
PRICE 50 CENTS A BOTTLE. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
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Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough, suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathesome disease!

IN Denmark a drunken man is taken home in a hack by the police, and the man who sold him the last drink has to pay for the hack.

"I would not live alway." No; not if disease is to make my life a daily burden. But it need not, good friend, and will not if you will be wise in time. How many of our loved ones are mouldering in the dust who might have been spared for years. The slight cough was unheeded, the many symptoms of disease that lurked within were slighted and death came. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cannot recall the dead, though it has snatched numbers from the verge of the grave, and will cure consumption in its earlier stages.

THE earliest cannon were breech-loaders, and hammerless guns were known long before the day of percussion locks.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated